

# Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

No. 1080 DECEMBER 1955

Moscow and the Middle East . . . . .	ARTHUR MOORE, M.B.E.
Labour in the U.S.A. . . . .	GEORGE SOLOVEYTCHEK
The Two Chinas . . . . .	SIR JOHN PRATT, C.M.G.
Thoughts on the Foreign Office, 1918-1939	F. T. A. ASHTON-GWATKIN, C.M.G.
Federating the Churches . . . . .	SIR HARRY LINDSAY, K.C.I.E.
Victorian Memories III—Cambridge in the 'nineties	G. P. GOOCH, D.LITT., F.B.A.
Rosmini and Pius IX . . . . .	ROBERT SENCOURT
The Campbell-Bannerman Ministry of 1905 . . . . .	DERYCK ABEL
An Elizabethan Friendship . . . . .	THEODORA ROSCOE
Spitzbergen . . . . .	A. J. FISCHER
The Mickiewicz Centenary . . . . .	JOHN ARKWRIGHT
James Macpherson's <i>Ossian</i> . . . . .	DR. J. B. PRICE
The Road to Xauën . . . . .	DAVID SIMPSON
The Victorian Christmas . . . . .	J. A. R. PIMLOTT
Mountain Top— <i>A Poem</i> . . . . .	PHOEBE HESKETH

Literary Supplement—Contributors: Dr. G. P. Gooch, Sir E. John Russell, Joshua C. Gregory, Mosa Anderson, Frank Eyck, Arthur Moore, Emma Gurney Salter, Herbert Palmer, Derek Stanford, Luke Parsons, George Glasgow, K. M. Smogorzewski, A. Ruth Fry, Grace Banyard.

Price 3/6d. 45/- per annum. U.S.A. \$9.50

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED  
**MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY LTD.**  
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

## ARGENTINA

BY GEORGE PENDLE

Completed after Perón's fall, this book aims at providing 'a true and adequate impression of what Argentina is' and an explanation of 'why the Argentine people are what they are, and why they behave as they do'. It describes Argentina's development and the main features of Perón's rule, and places the latest events in perspective.

George Pendle has lived in Argentina for long periods during the past twenty-five years, and in October 1955 visited Buenos Aires as Special Correspondent of the B.B.C.

Price 12s. 6d. net

## A NEW DEAL IN EAST AFRICA

BY PHILIP MASON

The recommendations of the Royal Commission on East Africa formulate and crystallize a radical change in the direction of colonial policy. Mr. Mason, Director of Studies on Race Relations at Chatham House and author of *An Essay on Racial Tension*, sets out the main problems which the Commission saw as confronting them and the reasons which led them to make their recommendations. The greater part of his pamphlet is devoted to condensation and interpretations of their Report and its principles. In the final section, some of its main implications and criticisms are summarized.

Price 2s. net

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

London: Chatham House, 10 St James's Square, S.W.1

New York: 345 East 46th Street, New York 17, N.Y.

Please send  
a Christmas Gift to the  
**IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH**  
**FUND**

Patron—  
HER MOST GRACIOUS  
MAJESTY THE QUEEN

President—  
The Rt. Hon. The EARL  
of HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.

Dependent upon voluntary gifts, without State aid, the Fund is under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England. Money is needed quickly to assist the developments now being made in the conquest of cancer. In addition to the continuous and systematic research in up-to-date laboratories at Mill Hill, London, the work is being extended in new laboratories at Lincoln's Inn Fields. Will you please help?

Gifts should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer,  
Mr. Dickson Wright, F.R.C.S., Royal College of  
Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2

# Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

**CONTRIBUTIONS** will be considered for publication and should be addressed to the Editor, Contemporary Review, 46 Chancery Lane, W.C.2, England.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS** are charged at the rate of 45s. per annum post free, or \$9.50 in the U.S. and Canada. A single copy costs 3s. 6d. (3s. 9d. including postage) \$1.00 in the U.S. and Canada. Orders may be placed with newsagents, booksellers or subscription agents, or may be sent direct with the appropriate remittance to the Circulation Manager, Contemporary Review, 46 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, England.

**ADVERTISEMENTS.** Suitable advertisers' announcements are accepted for publication. Orders and advertisement copy should be received by the 5th of the month preceding the date of publication and should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, Contemporary Review, 46 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, England (Telephone Holborn 6201).

---

## LIST OF CONTENTS DECEMBER, 1955

	<i>Page</i>
Moscow and the Middle East . . . . .	ARTHUR MOORE, M.B.E. 362
Labour in the U.S.A. . . . .	GEORGE SOLOVEYTCHIK 364
The Two Chinas . . . . .	SIR JOHN PRATT, C.M.G. 370
Thoughts on the Foreign Office, 1918-1939 . . . . .	F. T. A. ASHTON-GWATKIN, C.M.G. 374
Federating the Churches . . . . .	SIR HARRY LINDSAY, K.C.I.E. 379
Victorian Memories III.— Cambridge in the 'nineties . . . . .	G. P. GOOCH, D.LITT., F.B.A. 382
Rosmini and Pius IX. . . . .	ROBERT SENCOURT 387
The Campbell-Bannerman Ministry of 1905	DERYCK ABEL 389
An Elizabethan Friendship . . . . .	THEODORA ROSCOE 394
Spitzbergen . . . . .	A. J. FISCHER 399
The Mickiewicz Centenary . . . . .	JOHN ARKWRIGHT 401
James Macpherson's <i>Ossian</i> . . . . .	DR. J. B. PRICE 404
The Road to Xauën . . . . .	DAVID SIMPSON 408
The Victorian Christmas . . . . .	J. A. R. PIMLOTT 411
Mountain Top— <i>A Poem</i> . . . . .	PHOEBE HESKETH 414

Literary Supplement—Contributors: Dr. G. P. Gooch, Sir E. John Russell, Joshua C. Gregory, Mosa Anderson, Frank Eyck, Arthur Moore, Emma Gurney Salter, Herbert Palmer, Derek Stanford, Luke Parsons, George Glasgow, K. M. Smogorzewski, A. Ruth Fry, Grace Banyard.

---

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

46-47 CHANCERY LANE · LONDON W.C.2

## MOSCOW AND THE MIDDLE EAST

**T**HREE are several cross currents in the foreign affairs of the Arab states. Not all are equally Arab. Iraq's sympathies are wider; they are more concerned with Islam. Iraq is a hallowed country for both Shias and Sunnis, and it is attracted by Pakistan, the largest Moslem state, creation of a Shia patriot, the late Mohammed Ali Jinnah. Moreover it came into being with British goodwill, the fulfilment of a British mission and promise to promote self-government in India. Nuri-es-Seyyid, Iraq's elder statesman, is no anti-British person. Iraq's association with Britain dates from its creation at the end of the first world war, and actual occupation was shortlived. All that Britain was concerned with was her airbase, vital for her commitments further east. Consequently there are no memories comparable in bitterness to those of Egypt, which passed under British protection in Victorian times. Condominium in the Sudan, Suez canal shares, Denshawi, Fuad, these names recall trouble. The waters of the Nile have always been more troubling than those of Tigris and Euphrates.

Turn to Iran. Except in the Azurbeijan sector, Persia, like Iraq, is largely Shia. Where there are Shias it is Islamic culture and a way of life rather than any purely religious fanaticism that is the unifying force, for Shias are a strange mixture of scepticism and mysticism. Now Iran joins with Iraq in an alliance with the West which has all the appearance of being a defensive pact against possible Russian aggression. Moscow, at least, regards it as an unfriendly act.

Egypt is engaged in bitter limited warfare with Israel. It has arranged to buy arms from Czechoslovakia. Immediately there is an outcry from Britain and America. The West has assumed that the West alone has the right to sell, or refuse to sell, arms to the Middle East. Now Israel asserts exactly the same claim as Egypt, a right to buy arms wherever she chooses. Britain has commitments towards Jordan, an Arab state, and arms Jordanians. Americans have provided Israel with large sums, much of which went to buy arms. Czechoslovakia, in which are the well-known Skoda works, is notoriously the principal Russian satellite supplier of arms. In Korea I saw on battle fields captured trophies that bore the Skoda mark. Why, it may be asked, is the West surprised because Egypt buys from the Czechs? Why should it suppose that it had a monopoly of arms traffic? Perhaps the answer lies in the fact that Stalin promised Ernest Bevin that he would leave the Middle East in the Western sphere of influence. He kept that promise; and the Kremlin did not break it after his death till lately. They may argue that they have not broken it, that a country behind the curtain is merely doing a business deal. Is not, they reply, the present desire of both East and West to lower barriers, to promote intercourse not only in sport and tourism but also in trade—Russo-British and Sino-British trade for example? In India, Russia has contracted without British protest for the construction of steel works, and is supplying technicians.

In all these cross currents is there a streak of oil? It would not be surprising. There appears to be an underground ocean of oil, extending from the Caucasus to Persia, the Gulf, Northern India with Pakistan and

Burma, and Arabia. The simple sheikhdom of Kuwait has now more wealth from oil than it can easily spend. Poor and Puritan Saudi Arabia is now a rich and far from Puritan country. Or rather its rulers are rich. Mr. St. John Philby, trusted adviser of the late Ibn Saud, has resigned in protest against the misuse of the revenues now in the hands of Ibn Saud's successor. For the Saudi Arabians more oil and money from oil are the lure which has led to the clash with Britain concerning desert frontiers. Russia on one side and the Western Powers on the other want more and more oil. "Tycoons" want it for commercial exploitation. Governments are concerned that possible enemies should not get command of new oil fields. Strategy has to have its say.

Fundamentally the issues seem to be strategic and ideological. From the Western point of view no great harm might result from Russian, Czech or Polish trade with Middle Eastern countries if trade were all. But the West asks itself whether, in reverse of a proverb, the Red Flag might not follow trade. Landlondism, the feudalism of the great pashas who annexed most of the wealth that Cromer's dams and resulting cotton crops produced, and who left little to the fellahs—these might provide a seedbed for communist propaganda. After Farouk's fall Neguib inaugurated a more promising era; the present regime seems not to have halted the programme. There is no bulwark against communism so effective as the possession by the peasantry of a stake in the land. You will find communists in Paris and in large French towns, but you will not find many in the country. You will find them in Cairo and in Jerusalem and Beirut, but they will be in a minority. Where a traditional religion prevails, that is another obstacle. One cannot foresee communism making much headway amongst the Catholic peasant proprietors of Eire. Nor do I think that in Islam, with its acceptance of *kismet*, communism will go far.

Within the Arab League, hitherto a markedly ineffective organisation, there is criticism of Egypt's leadership and pre-eminence. These seem to be based on doubts of her fighting qualities, which result from discomfiture in the war with Israel in Farouk's time and revelations of large-scale trading with the enemy. Such criticism, however, does not invalidate the professed intention of the other members of the League to go to her aid in emergency. Israel has confidence in the fighting spirit of her forces, which are well trained and highly efficient. But, though morale may still be the most important thing in warfare, disparity in armaments seems to make that questionable. Of what use was Japanese morale when a bomb fell on Hiroshima? It is natural that Israel is disturbed by Egypt's reported purchases of modern equipment and claims similar necessities and freedom.

Rarely has there been such a surging of bitterness and hatred as has welled up between Arabs and Jews since the partition of Palestine. It was bad enough in the days of the British mandate, but the plight of the Arab refugees in camps at Gaza has accentuated Arab hatred to a dangerous degree. In the light of past experience Sir Anthony Eden showed an optimistic courage when at the Guildhall he offered mediation. One ray of hope is discernible. Hitherto the Arabs have been the more intransigent. Israel has been willing to enter into direct negotiations,

but these the Arabs have steadily refused to contemplate. The offer of mediation produced an alteration in that situation. Pointing out that the Arabs take their stand on the 1947 and other United Nations resolutions, Sir Anthony said "It is not right that United Nations resolutions should be ignored." This sentence was pleasing to Cairo and led to an immediate veering towards acceptance of the offer of mediation. But some other words in the same speech markedly qualify the word "ignored." Noting that "the Israelis, on the other hand, found themselves on the Armistice Agreement of 1949 and on the present territories they occupy," he went on to say "equally, can it be maintained that the United Nations resolutions on Palestine can now be put into operation as they stand?"

Thus there was a sop for, and an appeal to, both sides. In effect the speech was no more than affirmation of an agreed Anglo-American stand-point and steady support for General Burns, the United Nations Chief of Staff, in his efforts to make the demilitarisation of the El Auja zone a reality. This is the crux of the matter. Peace depends upon his success. To ensure success, America and Britain may have to give more than mere diplomatic support. An armament race for jets and tanks between the two sides must be prevented. It is hard to see other means of prevention than a sufficiently powerful mixed Anglo-American force in the zone.

ARTHUR MOORE.

### LABOUR IN THE U.S.A.

**B**EFORE this year is over, the American Federation of Labour and the Congress of Industrial Organizations will, at a huge joint convention, complete their much-heralded merger. This event of historical importance—by no means to organized American labour only—is the culmination of a long and complicated process of rapprochements and estrangements, of rivalry and co-operation, of personal feuds and friendships, which reached its climax on February 9th, 1955. At a spectacular conference held at Miami Beach the principal leaders of the two huge trade union organizations decided to end their twenty years' quarrel, and made this significant announcement on that day. The immediate reactions were curiously contradictory. At one extreme were the pessimists who argued that the creation of one powerful trade union organization, uniting some fifteen million members, was merely a prelude to a "labour monopoly" and subsequently perhaps even a political Labour Party. The optimists, on the other hand, expressed the view that in the future everything would be love and sweetness in the trade union world. They argued that the merger would bring the internecine struggles within and between the trade unions to a speedy end, and that instead of rivals organizing drives frequently resulting in raids on each other's membership, or jurisdictional disputes, or conflicting union negotiating policies, the bulk of organized labour would now constitute one harmonious body, offering ample satisfactions to all its unruly participants. Needless to say, both these views are very far removed from reality, and the merger—at any rate for some years to come—is not likely to constitute the threat or the ideal solution it is purported to be.

Characteristically enough the new body will be called "The American Federation of Labour and Congress of Industrial Organizations"—its very title suggesting addition rather than integration. Quite obviously many difficult and painful adjustments, requiring a great deal of time and patience, are needed before a single organization is created. The great split in 1935 was due to the inability or the reluctance of the old conservative AFL which was traditionally a body of craft unions to "organize the unorganized." With the benevolent support of President Roosevelt, a number of dynamic labour leaders, with John L. Lewis and Philip Murray of the United Mine Workers at their head, withdrew from the AFL and established the CIO. The progressive garment unions also came in, while the unskilled workers of the steel, automobile, rubber and electrical industries lost no time in joining them. The CIO rapidly built up some most powerful unions of its own which frequently overlap or compete with the unions of the AFL. It will not be easy to get such parallel unions to amalgamate or at least to work together.

Then there is the question of leadership. The American labour world has too many "tsars." Thus many professional, personal, psychological, political and financial problems are involved. The leaders of both organizations and their affiliated unions are men accustomed to exercise power, to enjoy both their national and their local status, and who like to express their views—not only on labour matters—publicly and forcibly. Often they differ from each other in background, education, age and temperament. It is by no means just a question of the leaders of the two respective groups now burying the hatchet. The fact is that both Mr. George Meany, President of the AFL and the chosen President of the joint organization, and Mr. Walter Reuther, President of the CIO, have some serious internal troubles of their own. Indeed, both have for several years now been plagued by the indiscipline of some of their principal member unions. In the case of the CIO the powerful Union of Steel-workers under David McDonald has pursued a very independent line and at times has threatened secession. The huge Teamsters Union of the AFL under David Beck is likewise often a law unto itself. For years now, the International Longshoremen's Association has been bringing discredit upon the AFL by creating trouble on board ships and around the docks of New York harbour. Communist influence on the waterfront is small. But the ILA is bedevilled by a racketeering system, and the AFL has not been able to smash the racketeers. They run the stevedoring operations, and it is the racketeers' boss—not the stevedore—who calls the tune. The fact that racketeers have deemed it wise to become union officials is characteristic. But they have done this mainly for their own convenience, and not to help the longshoremen. In exasperation, the AFL, in September 1953, expelled the ILA for its inability to rid itself of undesirable elements and set up a new International Longshoreman's Association. Now the old ILA and the new ILA are constantly fighting each other.

Here are only some of the internal difficulties, and there is little doubt that they have been a strong contributory factor in bringing about the merger. Together, Meany and Reuther will be stronger. If they have one joint organization their rebellious members will have nowhere else to go unless they prefer to be altogether on their own. And in this respect the

example of the miners' leader John Lewis is not inviting; he has been in the AFL, he started the CIO, he left it to become independent, then returned to the AFL again, and now he is independent once more—thus establishing a record of instability. As far as he is concerned, this significant comment appeared in *Labour and the Nation*, a trade union magazine, some years ago: "No one knows how many union officials secretly envy John L. Lewis his power and the royal manner with which he wields it. None of them, apparently, envies his public reputation for using his power irresponsibly." He remains a lone wolf, as ever dictatorial and unpredictable but considerably weakened by America's long crisis in the coal-mining industry.

The world of American labour was profoundly affected by a series of dramatic events which occurred at the turn of 1952. On November 4th of that year the Democratic Party's 20 years rule came to an end. Within a few days of that Philip Murray died; he had been president both of the CIO and of the Steel Workers Union. Within less than a fortnight, William Green, president of the AFL likewise died. Thus the leaders of the two great national labour organizations, who had constituted so much of the Democratic Party's support, and who had also been among the greatest beneficiaries of the Roosevelt-Truman era, disappeared from the scene at the same time as the Democratic Administration. It soon became clear that from then onwards the new Labour leaders and their unions would have to rely on their own strength; that they had lost their direct communication line with the White House; that the President's ever-open door was now closed to them, and that the happy relationship between "F.D.R." or "Harry" with "Phil" Murray and "Bill" Green was a thing of the past.

Green and Murray had on many occasions successfully worked together. Nevertheless, as long as they were alive, a merger, though frequently talked about, was impossible—largely for personal reasons. Though their successors, Meany and Reuther, are likewise as different from each other as it is possible for two labour leaders to be, they do not have the prejudices of the past generation. Moreover, political and economic considerations have done much to bring them together, and the same is true of some of their principal lieutenants. Meany is a man of strong character and is very much like Green, whose assistant he was for many years. He came up through union politics after being an industrial worker. Reuther, on the other hand, was an artisan but briefly and is a college graduate, having studied both at American universities and abroad. He is a new type of labour leader in the U.S. Some call him a philosopher, others an out-and-out politician. Reuther appeals to the intellectuals of college halls, the liberals in politics, to labour members who want both increased earnings and social recognition, and at the same time to the huge Union of Automobile Workers, whose leader he is and whose battles he has fought with amazing success and energy. He is a much more aggressive man than Phil Murray ever was, but he has agreed to serve as vice-president under Meany in the new organization. As he is much younger, his turn to take the chair will come in some years' time, and probably by then the personal factor will be less complicated than in the initial stages.

Meany is probably less politically-minded than Reuther, though in recent years he has made a number of very strong pronouncements on the

Taft-Hartley Act. To a Congressional Committee he has declared that this law constitutes "the most far-reaching invasion of . . . collective bargaining," while a CIO spokesman has argued that "reducing the power of the working man to defend his living standards increases the likelihood of depression." Union leadership has always been violently opposed to the Taft-Hartley Act, which it considers as deliberately curtailing the fundamental working rights of America's men and women. John Lewis once described this piece of legislation as an "iron collar" around his neck, and the question of repeal, or at least substantial amendment, was one of the main campaign issues in 1952. Now more than ever it can be said that, unless the present Administration takes some liberalizing action in this matter, the result will be a transformation of mere tensions into a real conflict between organized labour and the Republicans.

The cause of the deterioration of relations between Washington and the labour unions is due far more to a combination of political and personal circumstances than to the composition of the Eisenhower Government. It is true enough that most of his principal ministers are men who throughout their life have been identified with Big Business. But as captains of industry they had learned how to maintain a very pleasant labour-management relationship. Indeed, as often as not, the recognition of common interests and frequent contacts in the office or the workshops or the canteen, as well as at the proverbial bargaining table, had produced personal friendships, first-name terms and profound mutual respect. Now, however, the ex-captains of industry have turned into active Republican politicians. They have to deal with organized labour, not on a professional or personal basis, but on a political one. And the simple fact is that there is not much love lost between union leadership and the anti-New Deal, anti-Fair Deal Republican Party.

Few of America's great labour leaders have been socialists. Leaders and members alike believe in private enterprise and the profit motive, but they want an increasingly large share in the profits. In the past, organized labour never used to be associated with either one of the two big political parties. The late Samuel Gompers, who founded the American Federation of Labour in 1881 and guided its destinies for over forty years, building it up to its present spectacular strength, firmly held the view that workers should give their support to those whose pro-Labour record was best, but that they should never attach themselves to any party as such. Yet under Roosevelt and Truman links between the White House and union leadership became so close that labour's support for the Democratic Party could be considered an almost foregone conclusion. Not until the 1952 election, however, did all the major labour organizations take the unprecedented step of officially endorsing a candidate for the Presidency. For the first time in its history the entire American labour movement—American Federation of Labour, Congress of Industrial Organizations, Railroad Brotherhoods, United Mine Workers—gave unified support to one man. But despite the unanimous endorsement of the union leadership, Stevenson did not get the unanimous support of America's seventeen million organized workers. Many families split their allegiance. Some working women, or wives of working men, undoubtedly voted for Eisenhower. Nobody knows how they will vote in 1956, but the bulk of

organized labour remains solidly pro-Democratic.

Union leadership is trying to meet the actual or potential threats to labour by a variety of measures. On the political front it is fighting against reaction, racial or any other kind of discrimination, and especially against the Taft-Hartley Act. It also took a firm stand against McCarthy when his witch hunts were at their worst. Thus James B. Carey, Secretary-Treasurer of the CIO, spoke more or less for the whole of organized labour when—at the time—he delivered an address which he called "Time to get angry," and which was devoted mostly to a counter-offensive to the attack on American education conducted by McCarthy and his friends. Among other things he stated that some of the activities that were being represented as a fight against Communism were subversive in themselves, and then added, "As we of organized labour know . . . virtually all investigations of alleged Communism are conducted by men who are not simply anti-Communist. They are anti-liberal, anti-labour, and pro-reaction." On the economic side organized labour wants to consolidate or even improve the present position as regards hours, working conditions, welfare benefits, and unemployment relief; it is eager to achieve all this while the boom is still one and before the much-heralded recession sets in. Meany has been warning his members for a long time of the need to be prepared for a fight in case a recession really were to take place.

At the moment America has a labour force of 65 million gainfully employed. Never has the nation had so many men and women all drawing good wages and so few without work. The latest unemployment total is under 2.5 million, which is really quite insignificant. Out of the 65 million people now holding jobs—and this is 3 million more than during the same period a year ago—about one third are women. The wages vary a great deal; a man's average is now about 1.88 dollars an hour for a week of 40.3 hours, or just over \$75 a week. There are, of course, plenty who get much more. A woman's average weekly earnings are computed at a little over \$30 a week, and again there are many female wage-earners in much higher grades. Only about one quarter of these 65 million men and women belong to trade unions.

There is little doubt that one of the first tasks of the new unified labour organization will be a drive for new members. Like the CIO in 1935-39, it hopes once again to "organize the unorganized" by the million. There are still masses of workers who are not yet "unionized"—especially in the Southern states. Then there are many workers in trades and industries that cannot pay the wages and provide the social welfare perquisites to be found in the rich mass-production or other big industries. And then there are the farmers and the civil servants. The labour movement will do its utmost to recruit them. This will automatically increase its political power to a considerable degree. Though as yet very far from a "labour monopoly" or from turning itself into a Labour Party, the new organization will undoubtedly become more active in the political field. Whether in the long run the purely economic effectiveness of organized labour would lose or gain by increased political activity remains to be seen. But responsible labour leadership, so far at any rate, has established a great record of wisdom and moderation; it also has every right to be proud of its traditional unwavering opposition to Communism both at home and abroad. No one

can deny that up to the present the American trade union movement has used its political influence in a constructive way.

Since the end of the great depression and throughout the almost uninterrupted boom period which began in 1940 and continues to the present day, the American labour organizations have won for their members—to a greater extent in the highly productive industries, and to a lesser extent in the rest of the economy—a constantly rising standard of living plus protection against the hazards of old age and ill health. But these improvements assume full employment. Yet the slowing-down of 1953-54, no matter how limited its effects, showed that this assumption of full employment is none too safe. This, as well as the determination to protect the workers against an excessively detrimental impact of increasing automation, has shifted the attention of a number of unions to the demand for a guaranteed annual wage, which was recently achieved in the automobile industry and is now being pressed in some others. Under the present plan, as agreed by the Ford Company and the Union of Automobile Workers, the Company puts aside five cents an hour per employee to build up a \$55 million fund, out of which workers who have been laid off will receive payments supplementing state unemployment insurance up to 65% of their normal earnings for eight weeks of unemployment, and 60% for the next eighteen weeks. Similar provisions have been accepted by the General Motors Corporation. While considerably short of the Union's announced objective, these agreements represent the essential first step towards a guaranteed annual wage. Whether in the years to come this pattern can be improved and extended to other industries it is too early to say. But the threat of a slump and unemployment is only one of many headaches; that of overproduction is another.

The question of shorter hours looms large on the agenda of some of the principal unions. Thus, under the brilliant leadership of David Dubinsky, the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union—with its 435,000 members and funds exceeding \$200 million—was the first to introduce a 35 hours week for a large proportion of its members. It hopes that by the end of this year some 90% of the members will be working on a 35-hours basis and the rest a 37½ to 40 hours week. Many other unions see in the reduction of working hours the only escape from inflation and over-production. This view is also held by some leading economists like Mr. and Mrs. Woytinsky, whose monumental study *Employment and Wages in the U.S.* is a goldmine of information. Yet another headache is the introduction in many States of so-called "right to work" laws, which, if strictly applied, would mean the very negation of trade-unionism, so the labour leaders argue.

In a political democracy and a largely free economy like the American there can be no permanent assurance of industrial peace. But despite many strains—real or potential—employers and labour leaders alike are eager to avoid open conflict. The prevailing conception in the U.S. today is that capital and labour must progress together or not progress at all. The labour leaders fully understand that to create and maintain remunerative employment it is necessary to have prosperous employers. There have been several cases recently when unions, out of their own funds, gave temporary financial support to firms in difficulties in order to keep these firms going. Basically,

industrial and union leaders now speak the same language. Also, both sides know that, without the support of public opinion they can do very little.

The hardest nut to crack is to let by-gones by by-gones. Both capital and labour fully realize that in a complex modern society issues have to be decided by negotiation. But power is still a vital element, since in a negotiation each side has the urge to secure more for itself than the other side may be willing to concede. Furthermore, while many techniques have been worked out to improve industrial efficiency, little has been accomplished in finding a formula for the satisfactory division of gains obtained through rising industrial productivity. Hence the possibility of conflict is ever-present in the midst of excellent union-management relations. Now and again the parties may feel compelled to test their relative strength, even when they realize the folly or the danger of such a showdown. But wisdom and caution are the prevailing mood with management—which nowadays only seldom consists of owners, and is usually in the hands of salaried officials—and the labour leaders alike. Enhanced in power and prestige by the merger, American labour should be able in the future to make an even greater constructive contribution to the wealth and happiness of the country.

GEORGE SOLOVEYTCHEK.

## THE TWO CHINAS

*IN TWO CHINAS, Memoirs of a Diplomat* by K. M. Panikkar (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., 12s. 6d.) is perhaps the best account of recent events in China that has yet been written. Sardar Panikkar was appointed India's first Ambassador to China at the moment in world history when Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang government was disintegrating and the party led by Mao Tse-tung was sweeping into power over the whole of mainland China. It was in 1947 that India became a fully independent state. This was also the year when the Marshall plan was put into effect and it was through the Marshall plan that the United Nations was transformed into an instrument of American policy. Panikkar was a member of the Indian delegation which attended the session of the General Assembly of the United Nations held in September, 1947, and it was at this session that the United Nations intervened in Korea for the purpose of setting-up in South Korea a terrorist police state which Syngman Rhee could claim was legally the government of all Korea. The Russians were convinced that "the United States was determined to limit the expansion of communism, if necessary, by a 'preventive' war."

During the four years that Panikkar spent in China—1948 to 1952—the final collapse of the Nationalist regime at Nanking took place "before his very eyes," and, "after a tiresome period of five months without any recognised official position," he learned that the Central Government of the People's Republic of China had been proclaimed in Peking from the square of the T'ien An Men—the Gate of Heavenly Peace. In April, 1948,

when Panikkar arrived in Nanking inflation had reached fantastic heights and "the misery of the people was unbelievable." In Shanghai refugees were dying like rats and "all civic sense had departed." In July the Gold Yuan was introduced in place of the former currency but a few weeks later this also crashed in what proved to be one of the greatest scandals even of the Kuomintang regime. An enormous store of prohibited goods was discovered in a godown of a Corporation controlled by H. H. Kung and his son David Kung but no action could be taken. Kung's wife and Chiang Kai-Shek's wife are sisters and Madam Chiang Kai-shek intervened, "personally and decisively," to protect the interests of the family.

The collapse of the Gold Yuan coincided with the fall of Tsinan, the capital of Shantung, the first city to be captured by the communists, and by October news began to trickle down that the nationalist armies in Manchuria had been surrounded by the communists and were surrendering in large numbers. There was a widespread popular movement for peace and the mounting opposition to Chiang Kai-shek was accompanied by violent anti-American agitation. In November, 1948, Madam Chiang Kai-shek went on a mission to Washington but was cold shoultered by the State Department. Chiang Kai-shek then reluctantly handed over control to the Vice-President, Li Tsung-jen, but he made it clear that it was not a resignation but a temporary withdrawal. The pressure for direct negotiations to end the civil war became greater every day and finally, when the communist armies had reached Pukow on the Yangtse opposite Nanking itself, Li Tsung-jen sent a delegation to Peking to discuss terms of peace.

Three weeks later the negotiations broke down and the air was thick with rumours that the communists would cross the Yantse in a day or two. On April 22nd Panikkar called on the American Ambassador, Dr. Leighton Stuart, who assured him that there was no immediate danger of the communists crossing the Yangtse. It was the considered opinion of the American military experts that the communists, who after all were only guerillas, could not possibly ferry an army of half a million men across the Yangtse which was not less than three quarters of a mile broad. "Early next morning everyone knew that the advance party of the communists had entered Nanking and that the main force was being ferried across without any opposition." Panikkar saw the official residence of the mayor being plundered. "It was done in a civilised and orderly manner, old women being helped by younger people to carry off what they had collected."

Five months later, on October 1st, 1949, the People's Republic was proclaimed in Peking on the basis of a common programme adopted at a conference of all parties. A communication was handed to the foreign representatives inviting the establishment of diplomatic relations, and Nehru's reply, which was received two days later, indicated in very friendly terms that there would be recognition and exchange of representatives. Chiang Kai-shek's fugitive regime was then in Chungking. He had been encouraged by the China Lobby to believe that the United States would aid him to maintain a Kuomintang regime in the outer provinces extending to Sinkiang and the Soviet border. Panikkar had been assured by American military leaders that "this line could be effectively defended and converted into a vital area for American 'defence' purposes"; but in August, 1949,

the State Department had published its famous White Paper which proved how futile it would be to provide further aid for Chiang Kai-shek. There was general agreement, therefore, with the Indian view that the Peking government should be recognised when the Kuomintang authority on the mainland ceased to function. On December 7th, the Kuomintang transferred their government from Chungking to Formosa and by the first week in January the Peking government had been recognised by Great Britain and the major Asian nations.

It was no secret that the United States was preparing the way for early recognition. Panikkar refers in this connection to Foster Dulles' book *War and Peace* but he does not mention the statements issued by President Truman and Dean Acheson on January 5th, 1950: they declared that if the Government in Peking took possession of Formosa the United States would not intervene for all the Allies were agreed that, by the terms of surrender imposed on Japan, Formosa had become once more a province of China. Nor does he mention the McCarthy witchhunt which impelled Truman a few months later to abandon this policy and adopt instead a policy of persuading what the Russians call the satellites on America's payroll to decide that the government of China was not the government in control of the mainland but the refugee government on Formosa.

When the Korea war broke out American troops were sent to the support of Syngman Rhee and the Seventh Fleet was sent to cordon off Formosa. This was a direct threat to China but "the Chinese behaved with exemplary patience and restraint" and during the first three months of the Korean war "there was nothing in the atmosphere of Peking to give anyone the impression that anything unusual had happened." In September when it became apparent that General MacArthur was about to cross the 38th parallel Panikkar was informed that China would intervene: "we know what we are in for but at all costs American aggression has to be stopped." When the United Nations "obliquely recognised" the invasion of North Korea, Panikkar wrote in his diary "So America has knowingly elected for war, with Britain following." Panikkar's warnings went unheeded but early in November proclamations in red were posted everywhere on the walls in Peking calling upon the people to "aid Korea, resist America, defend the Fatherland, protect the home." Massive intervention in Korea re-established Panikkar's credit but the danger now was that the Americans, having suffered a disastrous defeat, might in desperation attack Manchuria and the Chinese were certain that if Manchuria were attacked Russia would intervene. Panikkar joined in the efforts that were made to arrange a conference for a peaceful settlement of Far Eastern issues but he knew that "the Americans were determined to use the whip mercilessly and line up their friends to get China declared an aggressor." More than a year had to elapse before the matter could be taken up again and by then Panikkar's mission was drawing to its close.

Panikkar was greatly impressed with all he saw in the villages he visited in various parts of China. The main impression he had was one of "freedom, of an immense release of energy, of a great spirit of self assurance and desire to achieve things. The land reform had broken the chains, made the villager free and given him a sense of dignity and self respect. That is a great achievement." In a village near Yenan, the celebrated cave

city in the loess highlands of the northwest, which was Mao Tse-tung's headquarters for eleven years, the chairman of the village had come to Yenan as a wandering beggar had been allotted the usual acre and a quarter of land and had then evolved a mutual aid system in which six out of the eleven families in the village joined under his leadership. Panikkar describes this system as a "collectivisation in miniature proceeding from the people and not imposed by the state," and it seemed to be much more effective than the "complicated system of land consolidation attempted in different parts of India."

The Chinese are intensely proud of China and its ancient civilisation and in their view, the art, philosophy and literature, which are so great a part of their Chinese inheritance, are also the foundation on which a new society is now being built up. One example to which Panikkar draws attention is the interest now being taken in Tunhuang the place beyond the Gobi desert where Indian monks bringing Buddhism into China and Chinese pilgrims to India built their caves for retirement and meditation and embellished them with paintings which are among the supreme expressions of mural art. The authorities of new China were quick to realise the immense value of this great repertory of Chinese art and "today a revival of Sino-Indian artistic traditions may be witnessed in these desert areas where the two countries co-operated so fruitfully many centuries ago."

Panikkar believes that the government of new China is "run by men and women who are prepared to put their best into the service of the state," but he does not shut his eyes to the less satisfactory aspects of the new regime. He thinks that there was justification for the liquidation of counter-revolutionaries for plans had been worked out by the Americans and the Kuomintang for launching invasions of the mainland from Formosa and remnants of the Kuomintang had been left behind to form the nucleus of rebellion and resistance. As regards missionaries China had a clear and unanswerable case for mission work had been carried on under the protection of extraterritoriality, but Pannikar was shocked at the measures taken against missionaries, nuns and Christian priests to render their lives altogether miserable. "As a friend of China interested in her good name," he took the matter up on more than one occasion but without much success.

Even more damaging to China was the treatment accorded to the embassies of foreign countries after the Kuomintang government had abandoned Nanking and even five months later after the proclamation of the new government in Peking. China's attitude towards the foreigner is still much the same as in the years before the Opium War when the Outer Barbarians were confined to the area of the Factories at Canton. Under the Kuomintang, America was no more than "the great barbarian for whose dollars and equipment China had immediate need but for whose culture she had no great admiration." In view of the behaviour of the American colony in Nanking, which, according to Panikkar, "was not such as to evoke feelings of friendliness," perhaps it is not surprising that the attitude of China should be one of "friendly condescension" but even towards India the Kuomintang attitude "while generally friendly was inclined to be a little patronising." The communists were no better. When the People's Liberation Army occupied Nanking the diplomatic

colony decided to wait on events expecting the communists to make the first move. "No such move was made. They just ignored us." It is only fair to remember that this was six years ago. In recent years there has been a great change for the better, at any rate so far as China is concerned.

J. T. PRATT.

## THOUGHTS ON THE FOREIGN OFFICE: 1918-1939

WHEN a collision occurs between two cars, involving damage and loss of life, the respective responsibility of the drivers is enquired into, also the condition of their vehicles. Were the steering-gears in order? Were the brakes operating? So, in accounts given of the circumstances that led up to the outbreak of the War in 1939, much has been written about the responsibilities of individual statesmen and of the political parties which they represented; but comparatively little has so far been brought to light regarding possible defects in the machinery which they were supposed to control. These defects existed, and the attention of historians should henceforth be directed to their character and origins. Otherwise, judgment will be one-sided and statesmen will be unjustly blamed. The defect which is the subject of this article is the absence between 1918 and 1939 of any adequate organism within the Foreign Office for measuring the influence of economic factors on issues of foreign policy and defence. Yet "Reparations and War Debts" were a leading issue during the 1919-1933 period. They overlapped the problems of the Great Economic Crisis of 1929-1933, to which they were a contributory cause; and those problems in turn gave rise to the advent to power of the Nazis in Germany and of the military party in Japan, to the expansionist activities of the Italians in Africa, and to the recoil in the United States (after the War Debt fiasco) from the affairs of Europe. The seeds of war were sown in this unhealthy soil: and the High Command of the Foreign Office—the Department that ought to have co-ordinated the views and interests of other departments and to have served up an agreed and considered programme for the Cabinet's decision—had not been encouraged or allowed to develop the machinery necessary for the purpose. The departments of Government went into action wearing blinkers that prevented them from seeing objects which did not stand straight in front of their eyes.

On the conclusion of the War of 1914-1918 the defect and the need had been foreseen in the Foreign Office by Mr. (later Sir Victor) Wellesley. Later on, he became Deputy Under-Secretary of State, and after retirement he wrote that masterly analysis of modern-day diplomacy, entitled *Diplomacy in Fetters*. In his book he takes as his text the fact that "with Europe in the melting-pot for the second time within a generation it becomes lamentably obvious that diplomacy has failed." The chief reason for this failure had been that Governments had not realised that in foreign affairs under modern conditions political problems could no longer be divorced from economic, because most issues are only superficially political, but in their last analysis economic. His remedy (by now partly, but only partly, adopted), was the setting-up of a "Thinking-

shop," the organisation of which should consist of:

(within the Foreign Office),

1. A politico-economic intelligence department.
2. An organisation for the study of foreign political literature.
3. An advisory board.
4. A parliamentary committee for foreign affairs.

(outside the Foreign Office),

In 1917-1918 Wellesley had been concerned in the submission of proposals put forward by the Foreign Office for the creation of a strong politico-economic department which would be qualified to advise the Foreign Secretary as to the probable reactions in the economic field abroad of the policies which the British Government might decide to adopt from time to time in order to meet the changing requirements of the international and domestic situation.

Unfortunately these proposals were regarded with suspicion by other Departments of Government. The Treasury and the Board of Trade, in particular, saw in them an attempt on the part of the Foreign Office to trespass upon preserves which they considered to be their own in the sphere of international finance, customs tariffs, etc.

The upshot of the controversy was the creation of the Department of Overseas Trade, jointly responsible to the Foreign Office on the one hand and to the Board of Trade on the other. This compromise solution not only failed to meet the Foreign Office's essential need for an economic department, but it also abolished the useful Commercial Department which had existed within the Foreign Office, handing over its functions to the new D.O.T.

The sequence to this faulty effort at reorganisation emerged in the long struggle during the "twenties" between the Foreign Office and the Treasury over the Reparations question, which was fundamental to the situation in Europe as well as to our relations with the U.S.A. The Treasury viewpoint was that Reparations and War Debts were creating havoc in the economic world, and that these disproportionate international payments must somehow be eliminated. The Foreign Office considered that German Reparations, due under the Treaty of Versailles, were closely linked with the disarmament clauses of the Treaty, that the security of France was involved in Reparations and concurrently in Disarmament, and that the security of France meant also the security of Britain. The two problems, therefore, could not be divorced, if the peace of Europe was to be consolidated. This interpretation of policy was dominant during the period 1924-1931; but owing to the lack of all effective communication between the Foreign Office and the Bank of England—such communication as did exist had to pass via the Treasury, which was prejudiced against the Foreign Office view—there was a lack of co-ordination between the British financial authorities and the Foreign Office as regards the policy adopted towards Germany.

Mr. Arthur Henderson, who was Foreign Secretary 1929-1931, was not unaware of the hiatus in his Office. He wrote to the Prime Minister early in 1931, renewing the proposal for the Economic Department. But Mr. MacDonald, advised presumably by the same influences as had opposed the proposal before, took no action to meet his request. Meanwhile, the

Great Economic Crisis, spreading from America, was shaking the whole world with various disastrous results. The origins of World War II are mostly latent in the Crisis. Mr. Henderson was taken completely by surprise when, in July 1931, he learned the extent to which the financial houses of the City of London were involved in the fate of Germany owing to advances made to German banks with the encouragement of the Bank of England.

By September Mr. Henderson was out of office and was succeeded by Lord Reading. In a remarkable booklet entitled *Reflections on Some Aspects of British Foreign Policy between the Two World Wars* (1946) Colonel Arthur Murray, now Lord Elibank, has recorded what Britain lost when Lord Reading, who might have been a great Foreign Secretary, handed over to one who was not great. He stated that Lord Reading's period of office (August to November, 1931) was all too short, and that with him, when he laid down the reins of his post, went the fundamentals of the sagacious policy which he had been pursuing. Lord Tyrrell, who in 1946, though by then retired, was by far the most experienced British diplomatist alive, wrote to the author of the *Reflections* that they "brought out very clearly the different foreign policies that were conducted by the different Foreign Secretaries, and show how the whole position rapidly deteriorated after the end of 1931." Another ex-Ambassador in Paris, Sir George Clerk, wrote that he had read the *Reflections* with great delight, and that "they are a very accurate description of what happened in the domain of British foreign policy between the two World Wars."

Lord Reading, on taking office, instructed his department to prepare a document assessing to the best of its ability both the political and the economic-financial elements in the situation for consideration by the other Ministries concerned and for eventual submission to the Cabinet. In November Sir John Simon succeeded Lord Reading and circulated his predecessor's Memorandum to the Cabinet without consulting the other Departments and without assuming responsibility. In fact, he went out of his way to deprecate responsibility. The proposals in the Memorandum were demolished by the Treasury and the Board of Trade, and nothing was ever produced to take its place. The "National Government" plunged into the great Conferences of 1932—Disarmament, Lausanne, Ottawa—and eventually into the London World Economic Conference of 1933 without adequately co-ordinated preparation and without adequate realisation of the degree in which all the issues involved were interconnected. On the whole, the Treasury view prevailed, with the result that at Lausanne Germany was released from payment of Reparations independently of her disarmament obligations, and this in the teeth of French reluctance and (according to von Papen) in spite of strong opposition from the American representatives. The seeds of war, sown by the Crisis, were fertilised by the decisions at Lausanne. Germany was strengthened, France was weakened, and, by repudiation of War Debts consequent on the cessation of Reparations, the U.S.A. was antagonised.

All this was due to a failure of the machinery of Government, rather than to the faults of individual statesmen. In this failure all the blunders that were to follow in the next eight troubled years were conceived. If it was the fault of any one individual, it was the fault of Sir Warren Fisher,

Secretary of the Treasury, who, having succeeded in 1919—under a Treasury (*not* a Cabinet Minute)—in getting himself appointed also to be “Head of the Civil Service,” used his tremendous power not to build up but to dislocate the empire which he had assumed. Yet, it is doubtful if he himself had any idea of the consequences which his activities had provoked. His figure, scarcely emerging in the public eye, soon becomes obscured behind the series of disastrous events. But terrific harm had been done. After the release of Germany at Lausanne came the failure of the Disarmament Conference, the urge given at Ottawa to economic nationalism *& outrance*, the sinking of the World Economic Conference, 1933, the split between the gold standard group of countries (including France) and the sterling group (including Britain), the Nazi triumph in Germany, the blunder of Stresa (which in the event threw Italy into Germany’s arms), the blunder of the Anglo-German Naval Pact (which Italy held to be a gross breach of British undertakings at Stresa, which aggrieved the Soviet Union and dismayed the French), the blunder of the “economic sanctions” which fastened Italy in Germany’s embrace. Germany ever stronger, France ever weaker: the U.S.A. intent on neutrality: the Soviet Union unwilling or unable to help: the passing across Mr. Baldwin and the Cabinet of the “terror” campaign launched by Hitler in 1935 and continued thereafter to cover up Germany’s real weakness in armaments until in 1938 she was (almost) ready to strike.

The effects of the “terror” campaign contributed undoubtedly to the German victories in the Rhineland, in Austria and at Munich. But who was responsible for the spread of this “terror,” which appeared to paralyse our Government—for instance, when the French turned to us in vain for support against the invasion of the Rhineland and when Austria was allowed to fall, in Litvinov’s words, as noiselessly as a leaf? Historians have not yet adequately answered this question. There are many who place the blame for our ineptitude during the troubled years on to the shoulders of individual statesmen, notably Baldwin—Baldwin who warned the country in 1934 that “our frontier is on the Rhine.” What was the break between this warning and the failure to defend that frontier in 1936? It is not to be found in the incapacity or indolence of Baldwin, who was neither incapable nor indolent, nor in the votes against rearmament registered by the Labour and Liberal parties. It is to be found in the defective organisation of the central machinery of Government in Whitehall, for which the opposition of the Treasury and the Board of Trade to the reform proposals of 1917 and 1931, and the eclipse of the Reading Memorandum in 1931 (owing to the same departmental astigmatism) must be held largely responsible—reinforced, as it was, by the power given to the Secretary of the Treasury by the Treasury Minute of 1919, which enthroned him as the “Head of the Civil Service” and by the repeated interferences of that “Head” in matters that were not or should not have been his concern.

Sir Walford Selby (Private Secretary at the Foreign Office, Minister in Vienna and Ambassador in Lisbon) in his courageous book *Diplomatic Twilight* (1953)—much criticised at the time precisely because of the light which it sheds upon the dark corridors of bureaucracy in Whitehall—has informed us that Mr. Baldwin complained (to him) of the confusion

which reigned at the Foreign Office. What Mr. Baldwin wanted was objectivity in our foreign policy. He could not get what he wanted because the machinery, being defective, had jammed.

In the final stage in the disastrous progress, writes Col. Arthur Murray: "Through the period of the Chamberlain régime, the Head of the Civil Service was the Prime Minister's closest adviser on European affairs." In other words, Mr. Chamberlain had reached the conclusion that the Foreign Office was not adequately operating; in this he was correct for reasons given above. He turned for counsel to the congenial company of people whose ignorance of foreign affairs was on a level with his own, and in this he was very wrong. In regard to the causes of the disaster of 1939 and in the interest of a true presentation of history and of the reputation of all statesmen and diplomatists involved in that gigantic responsibility, whether it be Baldwin or any other, it is to be hoped that due weight will be given to the factor of dislocation in the machinery of Government and to the absence of certain checks and balances which should surely have been there. The need for this supplementary machinery had been foreseen in the Foreign Office, which had pressed for its adoption in 1917 and in 1931, only to run against the opposition of other departments, which, being inexperienced in foreign affairs, could see nothing beyond the walls of their own back-yard. The prevailing system or lack of system broke down in 1931, and the cohesion of our foreign policy fell to bits. It is not without significance that from 1931 onwards successive Prime Ministers and Foreign Secretaries failed, totally and completely, to provide against the gathering storm, and all of them today have come under fierce criticism in one way or another.

I was myself connected with Sir Victor Wellesley, under the Secretary of State Mr. Henderson's direction, in trying to get an effective economic department set up in the Foreign Office in 1931. After the failure of this effort I was put in charge of "the economic section of the Western Department," a one-man liaison bureau. Any addition to its staff would, so Sir Warren Fisher threatened, be penalised by a corresponding reduction of the total Foreign Office establishment. My "section" just managed to survive, and eventually emerged as the "Economic Relations Department." Its competence was rigorously limited to liaison and intelligence work inside and outside the office. As such it proved its utility—even to the Treasury and the Board of Trade. But I never had more than two secretaries working under me at a time. Among these, however, I am proud to number Sir Gladwyn Jebb (now Ambassador in Paris), Sir John LeRougetel (Ambassador in Teheran and Brussels, and late High Commissioner in South Africa), Sir James Troutbeck (Ambassador in Baghdad), Sir Charles Stirling (Ambassador in Santiago and Lisbon), Mr. John Nicholls (Ambassador in Tel Aviv). Mr. John Coulson, recently appointed Minister in Washington, was my first assistant and was later Assistant Under-Secretary in charge of economic affairs in the Foreign Office—in fact, in charge of my old job, but armed with an authority and aided by a staff, which were beyond my wildest dreams. *Sic nos, non nobis!* But I hope it will be said that I have at least the right to bear witness in this matter of responsibility for the disaster of 1939, and I know that my witness is true.

FRANK ASHTON-GWATKIN.

## FEDERATING THE CHURCHES

THE comparatively slow rate of progress of Christianity throughout the world is a subject of comment in Christian circles. It is implicit in the efforts to organize a World Council of Churches which shall be truly Catholic in the sense that it brings together diverse Christian denominations genuinely seeking unity, genuinely co-operative for the spread of the Gospel and the coming of God's Kingdom on earth. In fact Evanston was perhaps the first Church Council, in the long history of such Councils, to abandon attempts at uniformity of the letter of credo for unity of the Spirit of credimus. There is a need to take stock of this new and hopeful outlook; to see more clearly in what direction we are being led; in a word to re-appraise the term "Catholic" in the light of Evanston.

We may as a first step agree that the chief Christian objective is the coming of God's Kingdom in the sense of the progressive conversion of all humanity to Christianity. We are called to invite the sheep of other folds to enter the Christian fold and to accept Jesus as the one Shepherd. There are very few flocks which have been left wholly unattended, for each has its own shepherd, be he the Buddha or the Brahmin, Zarathustra, Mohammed or Nanuk. Each of these non-Christian shepherds, be it noted, has spoken to his own people in their own language, as one of themselves, conveying thoughts which appealed to their mentalities. Each is Asiatic. The indigenous religions of Africa are the most primitive of the folds and only Islam and Christianity have so far succeeded in their competition with paganism for African allegiance. Our task is complicated by the fact that Christianity conveys no promise of an easy life—but then, neither Buddhism nor Islam promises that. Like Christianity they promise victorious lives but present tensions and ultimate victory. Watchfulness and prayer, the key-notes of Christianity, are no less the key-notes of the Asiatic religions. The Christian bases his arguments for the superiority of the Christian religion on the clearer vision which the historical Jesus discloses of a God who is the loving Father of all mankind.

With this introduction let us examine the claims of Christian Churches to the title of Catholic and the effects which such claims must have upon Asiatic and African minds. In the first place, every Christian denomination (with the sole exception perhaps of the Quakers) discloses in its forms of worship either its racial or its national origin. The Roman Church reveals the Latin temperament—disciplined, authoritarian, logical; the Orthodox Church appeals to the emotions rather than to the reason and reflects Greek rather than Latin conceptions of worship. The Nordic Churches are generally more national than racial—narrower still in language and tradition and conveying in their forms of worship a strong appeal to national sentiment. The ancient controversy between iconodule and iconoclast repeats itself, in present days and modern terms, in the subtler distinction between high and low Churches. It is therefore quite understandable that the Asiatic should on the whole suspect Western Christians, who come to Asia bearing the gift of a superior religion, of being also the servants of imperialism or colonialism, call it which you will. The Christian religion, for all its Eastern origin, is presented with the trappings—the language and

ritual—of the West. Nor can it be expected that Asia should eagerly welcome the advances of the Western denominations, save perhaps where local outcastes desire a fold of some sort and prefer an alien fold to no fold at all. The Asiatic intelligentsia sincerely prefer their own Buddhist, Hindu, Moslem or other beliefs, even ancestor-worship or animism. If and when they desire a change, they would prefer that the new fold be one of their own organization which would command the respect of their fellows. Following this line of thought we are tempted to ask: How long will it be before the Western Churches come to realise that their campaigns in Asia and Africa should take quite new forms based on quite a new spirit? The new appeal would be, in Jesus's own words: "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me," the Son of God sent by the Father to redeem a world created and maintained by His own Love. The new forms of worship in the East would be those inspired by the Spirit in consonance with local ideas and ideals in the local tongue.

So we return to Evanston and to the interpretation of "Catholic." Surely true Catholicism can never be attained by the persuasive and pervasive action of one Christian denomination either infiltrating or absorbing all others. That policy could only succeed in violation of local idiosyncrasies of belief and ritual. The unity to be achieved is a unity of spirit, not a uniformity of character. The initial objective of organic Creation was the attainment by plant and animal life of the widest possible diversities of genus and species (consistent with the characteristics of the environments of earth, sea and air) of which the living cell was capable, to the glory of God and the manifestation of His Power and Beauty. So also the objective of the creation of mankind in the Creator's image is the attainment by humanity of the widest possible diversities of race and tribe, culture and belief (consistent with the family and social environments) of which the human primate is capable, to the still greater glory of God and to the manifestation of His Righteousness and Grace.

God has revealed Himself to man in many and varied ways, not only in Nature but also by word of mouth; and the words have been spoken in different ways to various races at different stages of intellectual progress. The mouths through which these utterances have been made have varied, from kings and priests to prophets. The places and times have varied; perhaps the first messages were to Africa, now considered the cradle of the human race; then to Asia, the first continent to attain civilization; then to Europe and the New World. The supreme revelation was through Jesus Christ, but Jesus was not the last, for the influence of Mohammed did much to sublimate paganism in both Asia and Africa. And the great theme of diversity does not end there. Compare the Buddhism of southern Asia with that of Tibet, China and Japan. Consider the various sects of Islam, from Sunni and Shiah to Bahai. Even Christianity repeats the theme in its various denominations, each radically sincere, each disclosing its characteristic reaction of race or nation to the single message of Jesus:—the Brotherhood of Man based on the loving Fatherhood of God. It is all one consistent story, which reveals the extremes of God's own personality—at one end Righteousness, which is the perfection of moral Power, and at the other extreme Grace which is the perfection of moral Beauty. The Love which shows itself in patience towards immaturity, in compassion for

the sufferer and in pardon to the penitent sinner is an attitude, the attitude of Creator concentrating on creature the whole range of the integrated qualities which constitute the divine personality.

If this view of God's being is accepted, then two important consequences seem to follow. In the first place, because the human personality is not in this life integrated, because it still lacks that perfection of integration to which Jesus bade His followers to aspire, it tends in its vision of God to concentrate on one or other of the extremes of the divine personality. It may be conscious of Power rather than of Beauty, in which case it fears more than it loves God. Or else it may tend to worship the Beauty rather than the Power, in which case it loves God more than it fears Him. The former outlook is distinctively Eastern; Asian and African mentalities react strongly to God's Power, they are sensitive to His mysteriously numinous qualities and fear the divine punishments which appear to prompt the more hostile activities of Nature. The other attitude is typically Western; it concentrates on the Graciousness of a God who is ever more ready to hear than we to pray, to give than we to ask, to open than we to knock, to inspire than we to aspire, more prone to pardon than to punish.

The second consequence is equally far-reaching. Man's genius lies in organization, God's genius in Creation. It is by God's genius that the repentant sinner is reborn; he becomes a new creature, and when he uses his new-found powers to persuade others of the change of heart necessary to salvation he in his turn becomes a creator; and the only creative power is that of Love. It is man's genius which drives him to organize ever greater refinements in his attitude towards God, in his schemes of prayer and praise. It is God's influence which urges man towards the more spiritual activity of Creation—in a word towards evangelization. Where the Christian Churches differ they differ organizationally, and in the past they have tried by discussion to smooth out organizational differences which are perfectly natural, inherent in the vast Plan of Creation. At Evanston they met in a spirit of creative unity, and if in future they can sink their organizational differences to co-operate in the great task of Creation—of evangelization both at home and abroad—then a real advance will have been made.

So finally we reach the conclusion that a Catholic Church, like a League of Nations or a United Nations Organization, can only be achieved by Federation. First must come the organization of Christian Churches in lands which are still non-Christian, and of this movement we can already see small beginnings in the United Churches of South and North India and in the new Christian Church of China. When truly National Churches have been founded throughout Asia and Africa, a task of many generations perhaps centuries, then it will be possible for all denominations to meet—the old Churches of the West with the new Churches of the East—to found a truly Catholic Church to the greater glory of God. Each of the new Churches may owe much in creed and ritual to the great pioneer Churches of Europe, but that is not the important point. The real importance will lie in the fact that every national or racial Church will sincerely express its own characteristic forms of worship, petition and thanksgiving, and will have its own distinctive contribution to make towards the creative activities

of a truly Catholic Church. When that objective will have been attained, then organizational differences will have lost their present importance. After all, even a secular United Nations Organization depends for its success on the readiness of its nation-members to make sacrifices of national advantage in the interests of humanity as a whole. And such sacrifices, which are at present comparatively insignificant, may in future increase in number and momentum as their importance to humanity as a whole becomes increasingly recognized, until finally short-term surrenders of advantage become long-term surrenders of sovereignty. Then indeed will a single World State become possible. That is a consummation to be devoutly hoped and prayed for. There are prospects of friendly rivalry here. Which will come first? The surrender of organizational differences by national Churches combining to found by Federation a truly Catholic Church? Or the surrender of their respective sovereignties by the various nations to form a World State? In any case we may surely agree that the foundation of world-wide national Churches and their joint surrender of organizational differences in the interests of spiritual unity, creative, evangelical, are essential to the success of a truly Catholic Church. In such a Church iconodule and iconoclast could meet in mutual esteem to worship the God and Father who commands both the fear and the love of all mankind.

SIR HARRY LINDSAY.

## VICTORIAN MEMORIES

### III. CAMBRIDGE IN THE 'NINETIES

HAVING passed the "Little-Go," which in those remote days included a play of Euripides and Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*, I entered the greatest college in the world in 1891. Christ's is proud of Milton, St. John's of Wordsworth, Jesus of Coleridge, Peterhouse and Pembroke of Gray, Sidney of Cromwell; but no foundation in Cambridge or elsewhere could boast of such a galaxy as Bacon and Newton, Byron and Macaulay, Thackeray and Tennyson, to say nothing of the innumerable statesmen who had dreamed dreams and seen visions within its ancient walls. If the crowning architectural glory of Cambridge is the Chapel of King's, the Great Court of Trinity, with the gateway of its founder Henry VIII, the chapel and the dining hall, is not far behind.

The reign of Dr. Butler has been chronicled in a charming memoir by his distinguished son. Unlike other colleges, where the Master is chosen by the Fellows, Trinity is a Crown appointment. The most distinguished name on the list was Richard Bentley, greatest of England's classical scholars. The omniscient Whewell—philosopher, scientist, historian, divine—had been the outstanding figure not only in Trinity but in the University during the first half of the Victorian era. Thompson, his successor, Regius Professor of Greek, was famous for his caustic wit. The sharpest of his arrows—"We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest"—was aimed at Gerald Balfour, whose academic career was much more distinguished than that of his elder and more famous brother Arthur. No greater contrast could be imagined between that formidable

censor of human frailties and the kindly old man of benevolent aspect and gentle voice who followed him in the Master's Lodge. After ruling Harrow for a quarter of a century, Butler returned to his old College in 1886. The statutes of 1882 abolished the rule that the Master must be a clergyman, and some of the Fellows would have preferred Lord Rayleigh the physicist or Henry Sidgwick the philosopher. The latter described the appointment as "a snub to academic work." Though Butler was a brilliant classical scholar he was not an academic star of the first magnitude.

The wisdom of the choice was vindicated in the thirty-two years of his rule. No Master of Trinity—perhaps no Master of any Cambridge College—has been so beloved. If to reserved natures he sometimes appeared a trifle effusive, his friends were aware that his gracious manner was the natural expression of a loving heart. I for one prefer extroverts to introverts, to use the jargon of the day. He was a great gentleman of the old school. He looked a good deal older than his years, and we regarded him not merely as our head but as the father of the College. It used to be said with humorous exaggeration that he would shake hands with the humblest undergraduate as if the trembling youth were the only friend he had in the world; and though he enjoyed the society of celebrities he was unstinting in encouragement to starters in the race. He showed me unfailing kindness, ever ready to congratulate when academic honours came my way. Though his heart was in the classics, he had a good knowledge of English political history since Chatham and Burke. His sermons were simple in structure, exquisitely delivered, and carefully phrased. He was perhaps the most polished after-dinner speaker of his time except Lord Rosebery. He was at his best as a host discoursing on the portraits and traditions of the Master's Lodge. His second marriage in 1888 to Miss Ramsay, who had been placed alone in the first division of the first class of the Classical Tripos in the previous year, had brought him a new spring-time and filled his stately home with the prattle of happy children.

It was exciting for a newcomer to view the celebrities in Chapel or Hall. Aldis Wright, Vice-Master, Senior Bursar and editor of the *Cambridge Shakespeare*, was dignified but remote. Philosophy was strongly represented by Sidgwick, James Ward and MacTaggart, all three belonging to different schools of thought, classics by Henry Jackson and Verrall, mathematics by Cayley and Forsyth, science by J. J. Thomson who was destined to succeed Butler in the Master's Lodge. Attendance at Chapel was still required on Sundays and twice in the week, and vigilant markers stood at the entrance like the division clerks in the House of Commons. If the record was unsatisfactory, the recalcitrant was summoned to the rooms of the Senior or Junior Dean, both of them clergymen, where a discussior of intellectual difficulties sometimes ensued.

The provision for students of history at Trinity was meagre. Though there were sixty Fellows, not a single historian had ever been admitted into that circle of the elect: even the illustrious Maitland had tried and failed. The Historical Tripos only dated from 1875, and the traditional claim of classics and mathematics to the lion's share of the spoils was unchallenged. Our Director of Studies was an amiable classical scholar whose acquaintance with events after the fall of the Roman Empire was

far from profound. Except for being advised to attend certain lectures we were left to ourselves. There was no *Seminar* and we were not taught to write essays. The only test of our progress was to be found in the College examinations at the end of our first and second year and in the University Tripos at the end of the third which procured a degree. My "Tutor" or academic guardian played an even smaller part in my Cambridge career than the Director of Studies. He was a shy though kindly clergyman, and our relations were confined to a formal breakfast party once a year. His principal task was to forward the College bills to our parents.

The leader of historical studies in Trinity was Cunningham, who had introduced economic history into the curriculum, and since no text-book was available he compiled *The Growth of English Industry and Commerce*, published in 1882 and repeatedly revised. A mass of information was contained in his stout volumes, and he shared with Thorold Rogers the distinction of inaugurating the study in the British Isles; but he lacked charm of style and skill in arrangement, and we lamented that Ashley's delightful survey never advanced beyond the Middle Ages. For two years I sat at his feet while he covered the whole of our economic history: no other subject except English Constitutional History was so intensively studied. He had no sympathy with the prevailing Free Trade and *laissez-faire* doctrines of Victorian liberalism, and he used to quote with gusto Adam Smith's famous aphorism: "Defence is greater than opulence." Like Ashley he had much in common with the German School of List, Roscher and Schmoller, which stressed the economic factor in national strength. When Chamberlain unfurled the banner of Tariff Reform in 1903 Cunningham, unlike most of our economic pundits, rallied to his support. He was a man of wide learning and unusual energy. "Though I shared neither his political nor his economic views, I am indebted to him for his writings, lectures and personal kindness.

I approached economic problems from a different angle in a course of lectures by Alfred Marshall, whom Keynes in his revealing memoir has described as our greatest economist since Adam Smith. The Professor of Political Economy was a Liberal and a Free Trader and, like Ricardo, Mill and Jevons, he regarded economics as an independent science rather than a branch of statecraft. Economic theory formed no part of the Historical Tripos, except in so far as the study of economic history involved some acquaintance with the development of ideas; but I realised that a theoretical grounding was essential to an understanding of concrete questions. Marshall's massive *Principles of Economics* was a hard nut to crack but well worth the effort. Though I was not a member of his flock he received me in his home with his usual kindness. He was a great citizen no less than an eminent thinker, and generations of students derived inspiration from his teaching.

The dominating figure in the Cambridge historical world was the Regius Professor of Modern History. Though the Chair had been founded in 1724 no expert held the post till 1869, when, on Kingsley's resignation, it was offered by Gladstone to Seeley. He had gained notoriety as the author of *Ecce Homo* and had been for some years Professor of Latin at University College, London; but he was a diligent student of history, and his twenty-five years at Cambridge won for it a place equal in status to

the older studies. His utilitarian view resembled that of the founders of the Professorship. "Why should history be studied?" he asked in his Inaugural Lecture. "Because it is the school of statesmanship. Our University is and must be a seminary of politicians." It was much the same gospel as that which Freeman was proclaiming at the same time from the sister Chair at Oxford: "History is past politics and politics is present history." This limited conception was not due to a narrow range of interest, for Seeley was a man of varied erudition; but he believed in the division of labour and reserved for the historian the political aspect of the story of mankind. His dominant interest was the rise and fall of modern states and their relations to one another. His most ambitious effort, *The Life and Times of Stein*, presented the Napoleonic era from a new angle, and aroused admiration for Prussia's heroic struggle against her oppressor. Its reception was disappointing, but the two courses of lectures on *The Expansion of England*, published in 1884, carried his name all over the world. The Victorians were waking up to the importance of their colonies, and the book ranks with Dilke's *Greater Britain* as a political event.

As the Regius Professor had only to deliver one lecture a week, it was customary to write out his discourse. Seeley gained by this practice, for his success depended on the skilful marshalling of masses of material. He loved large surveys, international problems, comprehensive generalisations. In the lectures on the struggle with Louis XIV to which I listened, and in *The Growth of British Policy*, to which he devoted the closing years of his life, he made us visualise the diplomatic unity of Europe as no one except Ranke had done. He believed that the destiny of a state depended less on its laws and institutions than on its place in the world.

Seeley never encouraged intimacy, but he was anxious to train the minds of his students. It was mainly owing to his initiative that Political Science had been included in the curriculum of the Historical Tripos, and he held Conversation Classes in his own house. It was not a *Seminar*, for we were given no texts to study and no paper work to do. Students had merely to walk into his dining room on a certain morning in the week. There was not much life in the performance. The numbers were small, most of us were rather shy, and the Professor, whose days were numbered, was a weary old man; but there was no lack of grip, no waning of his contempt for slovenly thinking. He employed the Socratic method, and we were invited to explain precisely what we meant by the State, Liberty, Equality, Democracy and other elastic terms. Then we were cross-examined, and finally he would state his own views. It was a searching discipline at a time of life when the eager student is apt to run before he can walk. Seeley never established the delightful relations with students which made Acton's Professorship memorable in many lives, but we all felt his power. Though his view of history was far too narrow to satisfy my demands, I owe him gratitude for his lofty standard of scholarship and his endeavour to relate learning to citizenship.

English Constitutional History was taught by George (later Sir George) Prothero of King's and James Tanner of St. John's. The former had studied under Sybel at Bonn, had written a life of Simon de Montfort, was preparing his well-known volume of Constitutional Documents of

Elizabeth and James I, and was editing the useful *Cambridge Historical Series* which was designed to cover the world of the last four centuries. In 1894 he accepted a Professorship at Edinburgh and a few years later became Editor of the *Quarterly Review*. His lectures were clear and business-like, and he honoured me with a friendship which lasted till his death. Tanner's lectures were more colourful, for they were carefully written and were read with dramatic effect. He was at his best on the constitutional struggles of the seventeenth century. He was then beginning his researches on Pepys, which prepared the way for Sir Arthur Bryant. Hallam's *Constitutional History*, from which Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort had learned the duties of an English sovereign, I had studied at King's. Now I learned to reverence Stubbs, not only in his masterpiece and in the *Select Charters* but in his illuminating Introductions to our medieval chronicles in the Rolls series. For the later centuries we read Erskine May, then and now the supreme authority on Parliamentary procedure, and Anson's equally authoritative volumes on the Law and Custom of the Constitution. The classical treatises of Bagehot and Dicey explained the underlying assumptions of the Victorian era which witnessed the simultaneous decline of the power of the Crown, the nobility and the House of Lords. After mastering British interpretations it was a stimulating experience to grapple with Gneist, the great German jurist, and to note his admiration for our system of local government by unpaid country gentlemen, a conception unfamiliar to bureaucratic Germany.

Political Science formed an essential portion of our curriculum, and there was none in which I took keener delight. Our instructor was a man who wrote next to nothing but was a suggestive teacher. His course supplemented our studies of Constitutional History, for their common subject was the nature and functions of the state. I now digested the classics of political science from Plato and Aristotle to Machiavelli, Hobbes, Locke and Montesquieu, Rousseau and Burke, Bentham and Mill. Neither Fitzjames Stephen's slashing attack *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*, nor Maine's *Essays on Popular Government* shattered my allegiance to the thoughtful Liberalism of which Mill was the oracle, and to which I had been feeling my way. I have always remained more apprehensive of the dangers of the concentration than of the diffusion of power. Systematic instruction and examination in European history were unknown, a glaring defect long since remedied. Partial compensation was found in the Special Subjects, which were changed every few years and from which the student could make his choice. I seized the opportunity of boring holes into the Middle Ages. My first selected period was the age of Theodoric and Justinian, illuminated by the eyewitness records of Procopius and, thirteen centuries later, by Felix Dahn's superb historical novel *A Struggle for Rome*. My second special subject was Germany after the collapse of the Carolingian Empire. There is no quicker road into the heart of the Middle Ages than in such intensive study of the political institutions, social life and ideology of selected periods with the aid of the contemporary Latin chronicles.

G. P. GOOCH.

*To be continued.*

## ROSMINI AND PIUS IX

ITALY has this year been keeping the Centenary of Rosmini, a saintly priest who not only founded an Institute of Charity which still flourishes both in Italy and in England, who not only enjoys increasing prestige as the leading Italian philosopher of his time, but who, like Vincenzo Gioberti, played a part in the Risorgimento. His admirers have justly claimed that if the Vatican had continued to support him much trouble would have been saved. What then was his part in the relations between Church and state? While he was anxious to see his Church a free and united power in which priest and people were joined in a full spiritual life, he saw also that the Church would suffer unless it were at one with the Risorgimento; the principle of nationality was a passion of the time. In 1848 politicians were active in Turin to draw the various states of Italy into unity with Savoy and Sardinia. Gioberti argued for a federation with the Pope at its head. Rosmini was in general agreement with him about this and received an invitation to go from Stresa on an Embassy to Rome; he was a close friend of Gustavo Benso di Cavour, a brother of the famous Camillo; he was known at the Papal Court as a man of wide learning, sound judgment, considerable means and a distinguished social position. He was a close friend of Cardinal Castracane.

To this Cardinal Rosmini wrote a long letter advocating a comprehensive policy. He had observed with dismay that the Papal troops were fighting for the independence of Lombardy at a time when the Pope had said that they were doing so against his orders. But where was order, asked Rosmini, if troops fought against the command of their sovereign? What was necessary was not confusion but a clear policy, a policy that would range the Italian people with the Papacy so that, if the Risorgimento succeeded, the Church would be strengthened at the same time. Rosmini proposed, therefore, that the Pope should mediate between Italy and Austria to obtain on the one hand freedom for Italy and on the other to recompense Austria by gaining for her the domination of Southern Germany in order to save it from the dominance of Prussia. He wanted Rome to be the capital of Italy, and Vienna to be the centre of the restored Holy Roman Empire. But there were complications: Rosmini was aware that the Vatican had reason to doubt or rather distrust Turin; that the Pope must not join in a war against Austria, that there was danger in uniting Italy under Turin because of tendencies in that government which, if not pagan, were anything but favourable to the Church. These were not the only ones to cause misgiving at Rome: there it was seen that if the Papal States were to enter an Italian Federation, the Pope would be compromised by that Federation, possibly by its wars. If it was centred in Rome it must interfere with the administration; if, on the other hand, its centre were out of Rome that would detract from the prestige of Rome. And—so sceptics asked—would an Italian League make an Italian nation?

As soon as he arrived in Rome Rosmini was cordially received by the Pope who had decided to make him a Cardinal and to give all support to his policy of conciliation. The Pope had already given a constitution and Count Pelligrini Rossi was his Prime Minister. But then, alas! was seen how precarious the situation was: order had been maintained in the Papal

States only by that suppression which was the rule at Vienna. Once that was relaxed the anarchical element was free to organise. Rosmini had been but a few weeks in Rome when Rossi was murdered, the city thrown into confusion, and an attack—which Rosmini was able to watch from the palace at the Quattro Fontane in which he was staying—was made on the Papal Palace of the Quirinal itself. The question immediately arose whether the Pope ought not to leave Rome. Rosmini agreed that he should and was invited to follow him. On November 29th the Pope fled incognito to Gaeta where he was received so courteously by the King of Naples that he abandoned the idea of going on to the Balearic Isles. To Gaeta Rosmini quickly followed; but he soon noticed that the Pope was suffering from having no settled body of advisers, and that while Antonelli urged intransigence the Pope was substituting impulsive decisions for a fixed policy. Nor were all pleased with the Pope remaining at Gaeta as the guest of the Bourbon King of Naples. The French would have preferred to be his protectors, but they did not want to guarantee his return to Rome if that meant liberal and moderate ideas being labelled seditious or if Pius IX was still to rely, as Antonelli wished, on Vienna. At this point the influence of Rosmini weakened. The conciliatory line which he had been taking exposed him to the intrigues of the circle centering on Antonelli who managed to throw suspicion on his orthodoxy by demanding a general examination of his published works, and one of them, published anonymously, was placed on the Index. This, far from being unorthodox, was written to defend the Church from the interference of a powerful state, the state of Austria. Rosmini's loyalty, however, was unshaken and he at once submitted to the judgment.

Up to now the Pope had continued to speak of making him a Cardinal, but at this point the idea was dropped. The last time the Pope received him was on June 9th, 1849. Pius IX began by saying "You find me opposed to the Constitution." "Your Holiness," Rosmini answered, "it is a grave matter to deviate totally from the line you have begun and cut your pontificate into two pieces. It is my opinion, also, that neither now nor for some time to come can you apply the Constitution; but to leave the people without any hope of it can have no good result. History has shown that it is dangerous for a Prince to adopt two opposing policies." The Pope replied that he had made up his mind and that he would not give back the Constitution, even if they were to tear him to shreds. Rosmini then mentioned the difficulty of being able to maintain the Temporal Power if the States of the Church alone retained an absolute system while all around them were constitutional. But the Pope would not budge. "If a thing is intrinsically bad," he said "you can make no compromise with it, happen what may. The Constitution is irreconcilable with the government of the Church." He denounced both freedom of the press and freedom of association. Rosmini replied that order had long been maintained without oppressive censorship.

Before leaving Gaeta he placed at the Pope's disposal a thorough vindication of his work, both as to his theology and his policies. Nor did the Pope let him depart without a message of paternal affection and an appreciation of his gifts. Nevertheless his mission to Pio Nono had been disastrous. The Pope abandoned the policy they had had in common, and therefore

the only result of Rosmini's move was to lessen his influence at Rome. But does that mean that it was a mistake?

Events in France helped Antonelli. Louis Napoleon had come into power with the assistance of Catholics who wanted him to reinstate Pius IX, who thus went back to Rome defended indeed not by Austrian but by French troops—but none the less firm in his resolve never again to offer a constitution. In other words, he was to rely on foreign forces to support an intransigent policy against the Italian people. But, as Rosmini's biographer points out, if we look forward ten years we shall find Pius IX losing the Northern portion of the Papal States, and if we look forward another ten years we shall see Italian troops entering Rome, Papal property seized for the purposes of the monarchy, and the Pope himself left with little more than the Vatican. Besides this the Vatican was at loggerheads with all liberal opinion in Europe without receiving any addition of strength from opinion that was not liberal. All this, it might well be argued, could have been avoided if the Pope had followed the sagacious counsels of Rosmini who could have worked more than any other cleric as a mediator between the Risorgimento and the Holy See. Others have argued that the Roman Question was one which could not be solved by any compromise with the Risorgimento; that the Papacy gained in prestige rather than lost by having to give up the Papal States, and that, having done so, all it could do was to await the solution finally provided by the Concordat of 1929. These maintain that in a few decades history provided the best possible solution; and certainly the prestige of the Vatican never stood higher in the world at large or in what is now Italy than it does today. It is in a secure position as an independent sovereign power. But the Vatican of today follows the line of Rosmini, whose reputation for prudence and understanding is now also higher than it has ever been.

ROBERT SENCOURT.

## THE CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN MINISTRY OF 1905

TWO world wars have dimmed the lustre of Campbell-Bannerman's memory. A new generation, alas, knows little of him, save that he was the Liberal statesman who restored self-government to the Transvaal, conferred upon the South African provinces a federation in freedom, proclaimed that good government is no substitute for self-government, and familiarised the phrase, "the British Commonwealth of Nations." Let these four facts serve, without embellishment, as his epitaph and as the measure of his greatness. "A more capable or acceptable head of a Cabinet," Lord Crewe reflected, "I cannot imagine." On December 5, 1905, King Edward VII sent for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and invited him to form an Administration. It was the end of an epoch; the star of Imperialism was waning; a meteoric social Liberalism was in the ascendant, its glories shortly to fade before the fearful vision of Armageddon.

Two and a half years before, in an historic declaration in his beloved Birmingham, Joseph Chamberlain had pronounced, on May 15, 1903, against Free Trade, and for tariff reform, retaliation, colonial preference

and an "Imperial Zollverein." The Prime Minister, A. J. Balfour, was always Olympian; henceforth his every utterance was Delphic. Chamberlain could not carry the Cabinet and resigned. The Free Trade Ministers failed likewise to carry the Cabinet, and they too resigned. Balfour, with agility, subtlety, resilience and fortitude, contrived to keep his re-formed Cabinet together, doing precious little, but doing it with decorum and *éclat*. He eschewed and despised the hurly-burly of politics, but there is something attractive, though hardly comforting, about a Prime Minister, who, at the height of a raging-tearing propaganda, could publish a defence of philosophic doubt. Asquith blazed the Free Trade trail from one Chamberlainite citadel to another. The Balfour Government was an unconscionable time a-dying. However, by the autumn of 1905, Chamberlainite forbearance was exhausted, and the National Union of Conservative Associations, meeting at Newcastle on November 14th, demanded the undiluted Birmingham programme. Within a week, Chamberlain arraigned the Liberal Unionist Council and opened a withering fire on the Balfour policy of concession to the Duke of Devonshire and the Unionist Free Trade Club. On December 4, Balfour, shrewdly but wrongly reckoning on Liberal Home Rule divergences, threw in his hand. His majority in the Commons was 68, but he resigned nevertheless. "The battle has not yet been fought, and yet we are in possession of the citadel," wrote Augustine Birrell in the *Liberal Magazine*, merrily enough, and perhaps a little jauntily, on surrendering the Chairmanship of the Liberal Publication Department to take over the Presidency of the Board of Education and the authorship of the abortive Education Bill which was to dominate public polemics throughout 1906 and 1907. "Like the Royal George, he (Mr. Balfour) sank in the harbour with all hands.

'It was not in the battle,  
No tempest gave the shock,  
She sprang no fatal leak,  
She ran upon no rock.'

"But she went down all the same! 'O wonderful, wonderful and most wonderful, wonderful, out of all whooping'."

History has more than once invoked the designation, "Ministry of All the Talents." It has sometimes been applied to wartime Administrations, usually quite wrongly, for more than one wartime Prime Minister has fought shy of too much brilliance among his Cabinet colleagues. No Ministry—not even that of 1806-7—has more richly merited the epithet than that of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. It combined genius with talent, and wit with wisdom and a full mead of homely commonsense. Among the savants of the party hierarchy, John Morley went to the India Office as joint-author of the Morley-Minto reforms, and another so-called "pro-Boer" or "non-Imperialist," James Bryce, historian of the Holy Roman Empire, was the new Chief Secretary for Ireland. Like C.-B., both were born in the vintage year 1838, and both could assert greater claims than their juniors. Bryce, in particular, was not the man to bargain for himself, but in 1907 he transferred to Washington as our highly successful and much esteemed Ambassador. He was probably more popular in the United States than any other British Ambassador before or since—at least until the days of Lord Lothian. Meanwhile, at Constantinople,

another Ambassador had to reassure an alarmed and perplexed Sultan that, in Ireland, Mr. Bryce had an Armenia on his hands. The Cabinet-making story has often been told, notably by the late J. A. Spender, in his biographies of Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith—the latter written in conjunction with Cyril Asquith (Lord Asquith of Bishopstone)—and in his *Great Britain, Empire and Commonwealth, 1886-1935*. It needs no retelling here. Suffice it to recall that Haldane and Grey, ever loyal to Rosebery, advanced the view—a view which was, at one stage, entertained by the King and propounded, too, by C.-B.'s doctor as well as *The Times*—that the new Prime Minister should surrender the Leadership of the House of Commons and go to the Lords. "When he acceded, and was making his Cabinet, there were colleagues who still had singular misgivings as to his capacity of holding his own against the experienced men on the bench opposite," commented Morley, in his *Recollections*, published in 1918, "I wrote to the most important of them that, as the majority at the coming election must inevitably be non-Imperialist (not quite the same thing as anti-Imperialist), it seemed rather odd that the Prime Minister should be exiled to the Lords, and I banish myself to the Brahmaputra, while my correspondent took the lead of the Commons and the chief post in Administration. Asquith and I inevitably, now as always, understood each other; he agreed that the plan proposed would never do. . . ." Asquith took over from Austen Chamberlain the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, whence he was later to inaugurate the noblest of his social reforms—Old Age Pensions. It was self-evident that his was the succession. In the event, Lady Campbell-Bannerman ("No surrender!") and Lady Grey both played a notable part in resolving the impasse. A. H. Acland, Gladstone's Vice-Chairman of the Council (Education) in the 1892 Ministry, and Spender and Herbert Gladstone, too, all made their distinctive contribution. R. B. Haldane joyously accepted the War Office. C.-B.'s old friend, Sir Robert Reid (Lord Loreburn), a devoted Cobdenite and future author of *How The War Came* and *Capture at Sea*, became Lord Chancellor, Haldane succeeding him in 1912. After a non-party Free Trader, Lord Cromer, had declined by cable from Egypt, Sir Edward Grey went to the Foreign Office, and thereby fulfilled Morley's strict and rather fatherly injunction to the Prime Minister not to appoint a "light-weight" in succession to Lord Lansdowne. The new President of the Board of Trade was David Lloyd George. It was the only occasion during a tempestuous journey in which he had ever followed in Lord Salisbury's footsteps. Lord Crewe, whose long and distinguished service to the commonwealth began in 1886 when he was a Lord-in-Waiting, and who held his last ministerial office as War Secretary in the First MacDonald National Government of 1931, assumed the Lord Presidency of Council. An old-time agitator, hero of a famed Trafalgar Square demonstration and founder of the Social Democratic Federation, was appointed President of the Local Government Board. John Burns was equal to the occasion. With becoming modesty, he blandly assured the Premier that it would prove the most popular thing Sir 'Enry had ever done! Among the Under-Secretaries of State, the member for Cleveland, Herbert Samuel, found himself at the Home Office, and Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, biographer of his ancestor, the great Lord Shelburne, at the Foreign

Office, while young Winston Spencer Churchill, stalwart crusader against colonial preference, took over at the Colonial Office from the Duke of Marlborough. Here, then, was a galaxy, the like of which twentieth-century Britain has not yet seen again. Each was a constellation in his own right.

The spirit of the age favoured, nay, fawned upon organised Liberalism. At the Albert Hall, London, C.-B. launched the campaign with a bold and comprehensive speech which embraced pretty well every topical facet of domestic and foreign policy—the fiscal question, Chinese "indentured labour," education, temperance, arbitration, armaments, economy, the problems of the towns, the law of combinations, India and "the sacred principle of the subordination of the military to the civil authority" in the British Raj. The elections began on January 12. C.-B. had himself pronounced the epitaph on a Government which had lived by tactics and died of tactics. Following the convention of those days, the elections lasted throughout eighteen days, with the earlier Liberal gains speeding the tempo of the avalanche. The City of London accorded Arthur Balfour a safe haven after East Manchester, loyal for 21 years, had finally ejected him. Five of his Cabinet colleagues were scattered like skittles. 310 M.P.s found themselves in the House for the first time, and of them 220 were Liberals. The Khaki Election of 1900 had returned 50 bankers and 53 railway directors to Parliament. In 1906 these figures fell to 16 and 21. There were no fewer than 180 Dissenters in the new House, with the 65 Congregationalists as the strongest contingent. The decimated Opposition totalled 157, composed of 32 devout Balfourites, 109 Chamberlainites, and a small but vociferous cohort of 11 Unionist Free Fooders who would vote with the Liberals on Free Trade. Generally speaking, the 83 Irish and the 29 nominees of the Independent Labour Representation Committee (I.L.P.) were more or less pro-Administration. So, too, were the 24 Lib.-Labs. The Liberals alone were 377 strong, as contrasted with 185 in 1900. They commanded an overall majority of 84. Birmingham and Shropshire, the sole Unionist strongholds to remain intact, were duly lauded by Austen Chamberlain as the Mount Ararat on which the Unionist ark had come to rest. C.-B. forthwith won the hearts of "the new men" when, after having long suffered from Balfour dialectics, he countered a fresh outburst with a tart "Enough of this foolery! It must have answered very well in the last Parliament, but it is altogether out of place in this Parliament. . . . Move your Amendments, and let us get to business!" Next day (March 13, 1906) the House confirmed the verdict of the people. By 486 votes to 109, it carried Sir James Kitson's uncompromising Free Trade Motion, Lord Robert Cecil (the future Viscount Cecil of Chelwood) and seven Unionist colleagues voting with the majority.

Mr. George Peel, the grandson of Sir Robert Peel, has more than once remarked to the present writer that many social tragedies might have been averted, had a portion of the tremendous resources of treasure acquired under Free Trade been earlier diverted to social betterment. That is indeed true. Gladstone's preoccupation with Ireland, the struggle between (in J. L. Hammond's words) "the spirit of empire and the spirit of justice," and Liberal Unionist Home Rule perplexities and anxieties, delayed for twenty years the enactment of a reform programme, though

much credit is due to A. J. Mundella, President of the Board of Trade in 1892-5, creator of the labour department, and subject of a searching study by Mr. W. H. Armitage. The tumultuous victory which the Free Trade forces wrested at the polls in 1906 gave new heart and a vastly accelerated momentum to the forces of social justice. C.-B. was a Free Trader because he was a social reformer, and a social reformer because he was a Free Trader. Unlike certain Unionist Free Traders, he held Free Trade to be a major social reform, and the sheet anchor, too, of other reforms. Alluding in his *Memoirs* to the annual volumes of statutes, Lord Samuel has written, "Anyone glancing in a library at the shelf of volumes for the first decade of the century will notice at once how thin, and growing thinner, are those of the years 1903, 1904 and 1905, and how sudden is the change to the portly volumes of the years that followed. The line between them was precisely the date when a tired and dispirited Government gave place to a fresh and lively successor." The famous Trade Disputes Act belonged to this period. In 1906 the Government introduced its Bill to extend the Workmen's Compensation for Accidents Act, with Herbert Gladstone, the Home Secretary, devoting himself to the clauses concerning accidents, and the Under-Secretary, young Mr. Herbert Samuel, then aged 36, specialising in the clauses on industrial diseases. The new Act brought in six million more people than its predecessor of 1897, and some thirty countries took over its main provisions. In 1907 Mr. Samuel introduced the Bill that established the probation system, and his Children Act, comprising 119 clauses and 72 pages of print, became law in 1908. Meanwhile, in 1906, the Provision of Meals Act empowered educational authorities to feed necessitous school children, and a Medical Inspection Act for all school children followed in 1908. A Census of Production Act furnished a basis for the scientific study of industrial labour questions, and coal-miners won their Act for an eight-hour day. "If this Parliament was distinguished from all others, it was for its extraordinary attention to business," grumbled George Younger, M.P. (*Scotsman*, October 27, 1906). "This was very hard on him and others who had other interests to attend to, and he hoped it would not be a continuous institution, and that, at all events, the earlier part of the season would be shorter." But old political hands have been wont to asseverate that it was a wondrous Parliament, embracing, as it did, such men of letters as Hilaire Belloc, G. P. Gooch, A. E. W. Mason and Harold Cox.

By early April, 1908, after a 29-month tenure of the Premiership, Campbell-Bannerman was a dying man. A reluctant Sovereign accepted his resignation. Asquith ruled in his stead. On April 22, 1908, C.-B. died. If his character and personality can be epitomised in a single word, that word is humanity. I remember a National Liberal Club dinner of 17 years ago at which Lord Crewe and Lord Ponsonby paid tribute to his memory—to his profoundly international outlook, his distinctively European regard for the Concert of Europe and all it implies, his love of France and Parisian shops and shopkeepers, his friendly intercourse with humble people, the way he had with him in the lobbies ("How is the governess shaping?"), his comments on applicants for honours, his nicknames for colleagues, and his calculated indiscretions, for example, in the sensational speech on "methods of barbarism" (an allusion to the

concentration camps for homeless Boer women and children), and the polished French of a quite unparalleled address, two days after the Czar had dissolved the Duma, to the Inter-Parliamentary Union, deftly slipping in an additional sentence, "*La Duma est morte, vive la Duma.*" (Mr. E. A. Lessing has, by the way, pointed out to me that Russian nouns have no gender.) The last word can be safely left to Campbell-Bannerman's Radical prototype of the Third Republic. Clemenceau, then Prime Minister of France, came from Paris to Westminster Abbey "to place a wreath on the bier of a friend who was a great figure, a true Liberal, and a man who knew how to brave unpopularity when his convictions required him to do so."

DERYCK ABEL.

### AN ELIZABETHAN FRIENDSHIP

**I**T was at the house of Wechsel, the printer, in Frankfurt that they met in 1572; Philip Sidney was seventeen and the elderly Burgundian scholar-diplomat Hubert Languet aged fifty. Both had just escaped from the nightmare of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in Paris where perhaps they had already seen one another. Not only was Sidney haunted by the horrors he had witnessed but, as a Dudley on his mother's side, he was fired with passionate indignation against the planners of the foul plot and especially against the Pope who ordered a medal to be struck in honour of the day. Providence, it seemed, now brought the two together, for Languet, once a Professor of Law at Padua, and exiled because of his faith, acted as an agent for the new cause, the reformed religion. This alone was a bond uniting them. But there was something more than that. Languet, a man of wide experience, recognised in Sidney a powerful mind that would be a joy to train, and also a natural scholar of fine breeding; a future diplomat and one who would further the Protestant religion. These were the qualities which drew from Languet: "nothing is impossible to your abilities." Even then the older man found that the young Englishman's mind and tastes were extraordinarily mature for his age and added to all this Sidney possessed a personal charm which drew everyone to him.

To see this meeting through other eyes we turn to Fulke Greville's life of Sidney, expressed in original idiomatic prose: "It was in Franckford when lodged in Wechsel's house," he wrote, "this ingenuous old man's fulness of knowledge, travailing as much to be delivered from abundance by teaching as Sir Philip's rich nature and industry thirsted to be taught and manured, this Harmony of a humble Hearer to an excellent teacher so equally fitted them both that of a natural descent both in love, and plenty, the elder grew taken with a net of his own thread, and the younger taught to lift up to himself by a thread of his own spinning, so as the reverend Languet became a Nurse of knowledge to this hopeful young gentleman." Greville goes on to say that when these "Dear Friends" were divided "a continual course of intelligence" by letters ensued. It is indeed these fascinating letters, so admirably translated from the Latin, that take us with startling vividness right into the complicated political world of Europe in the late sixteenth century. To quote W. S. Bradley, one editor of the correspondence, "these letters reflect the distraught and feverish anxiety of the

age of transition with dramatic intensity." But alas! only fifteen of Sidney's letters are preserved. Soon after their meeting Sidney accompanied Languet to Vienna where he met other scholars of European repute as well as attending the Elector's Court. Much as the young Englishman appreciated Languet's company and learning there were evidently times when the devoted shepherding cloyed, and we hear of Sidney making a three weeks tour of the dangerous Turkish-Hungarian border, free from his faithful shepherd (as he called him in his *Arcadia*).

It was however Italy which beckoned and in the Spring of 1573 Sidney bade farewell to the grieving Languet and set out on horseback for that country in the company of Count Hanau, his friends Coningsby and Bryskell, and his Welsh servant-companion Griffin-Madox. They crossed the Alps putting up at wayside inns and in the ancient cities of Mantua and Verona on their route to the Venetian capital. Venice, when Sidney and his little company reached there, late in the year 1573, still radiated much of its glory, although her greatest blossoming was over. Here in "the Queen of the Adriatic" Sidney mingled not only with the Venetians, but with French and Spaniards, armed as he was with introductions from Languet. The Turkish Ambassador with his Jew Solomon had quarters in the Doge's Palace; merchants came and went, bringing their riches from the Indies. Titian's work was over but Tintoretto and Paul Veronese were at their zenith.

Languet, bereft of his friend poured out in letters the anxiety he felt over the dangers that might have overtaken Sidney on his long journey, and scolded him for not having written to him whilst on the way. He tells him to be careful "not to let your thirst for learning and acquiring information lead you into danger." How revealing of Sidney's and Languet's characters are these letters, for they are gay and serious, spontaneous and thoughtful, letters that only those in perfect sympathy and mutual understanding could exchange. Moreover in those Elizabethan days there was no shyness in expressing the warmth of friendship. Languet, with his finger on the vital European problems, kindled in Sidney his love for the drama of historical events, already evidently a subject of the greatest interest to him as we learn from Languet's comment in a letter: "I need not speak to you of reading history . . . because your own inclination carries you to it." The old diplomat further saw in this surprising young Englishman suitable ground in which to plant his views on the dangers now threatening Europe, not least the menacing and increasing naval power of Spain.

For a while Venice with its colour and gaiety sufficed Sidney. He saw the gorgeous pageants staged on the Grand Canal, the fashionable parading on the Rialto; but, as he wrote to Languet, he could not admire his fellow countrymen who were dissipating their lives in this gay city, nor was he drawn to "the magnificences of the magnificoes." The older man, knowing Sidney's love of study and his often too great seriousness, advised him to choose companions that would enliven him. Sidney replied to this good advice: "I readily allow I am often more serious than my age or my pursuits demand; yet this I have learned by experience, that I am never less a prey to melancholy than when I am earnestly applying my feeble powers of mind to some high and difficult object." Leaving Venice Sidney sought

the quietness of Padua (did he not in his *Arcadia* write: "a quiet mind none but thyself can give to thee"?). In this centre of learning he settled for some months with Griffin-Madox. How much we are reminded of Lucentio's words in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

Tranio, since for the great desire I had  
To see fair Padua, nursery of the arts,  
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,  
The pleasant garden of great Italy;  
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd  
With his good will and thy good company,  
My trusty servant well approv'd in all,  
Here let us breath and haply institute  
A course of learning and ingenious studies.

Like Lucentio the young Englishman did pursue "ingenious studies," for writing to Languet from Padua he tells how he is studying geometry and astrology as well as pursuing his music. "Of Greek literature," he wrote, "I wish to learn only so much as shall suffice for the perfect understanding of Aristotle. . . . I am utterly ashamed to be following the stream, as Cicero says, and not going to the fountain head." Previously he had laughingly said to Languet that he would first take one of Cicero's letters, "turn it into French, then from French into English, and so once more by a sort of perpetual motion it shall come round into Latin again."

Before leaving Venice for Padua he had written urgently to Languet asking him to send from Vienna Plutarch's *Lives*, translated into the French by Amyot. Like all the Dudleys, Sidney was impatient, he must have them at once: "I would gladly give five times their value for them," he wrote, "and you will be able to send them no doubt by the hand of some trader." But for the moment Langeut was unable to procure the volume in Vienna. Sidney also asked his old friend for certain books of Italian literature and a copy of Languet's own history of the Polish elections. From books Sidney turned to politics with reports of leagues between the Turks and certain countries, adding "are you not amused that we Saxons begin to Moslemise?" Indeed throughout these letters on both sides there is gay humour and gentle teasing. At the earnest request of Languet Sidney consented to have his portrait painted and chose Paola Veronese as the artist. The painting must be now hanging in some European gallery, the portrait of an unknown young courtier of the Renaissance period. But for Sidney's usual modesty the portrait might be identified as Languet sent some evidently laudatory lines to be attached to it, which Sidney refused with these words: ". . . I cannot think of sinning so grievously against modesty as to have such a proclamation of my praises, especially as I do not deserve them, inscribed on my portrait. Therefore in this thing I pray you pardon me." After his Italian stay Sidney returned to Vienna, and when the Emperor visited Prague he, in the company of Languet, accompanied the Court and was present at the opening of the Diet.

It was in the May of 1575 that Sidney returned to England: He had been absent three years. It was three years spent in the Courts and cities of Europe, where, mostly through the influence of Languet, he had met and impressed the greatest scholars of the Renaissance, and had become the friend of many members of the reigning houses, notably that

of the Prince of Orange. Able to converse in French and Italian he had also perfected his Latin. To astrology and geometry he had added the art of war and also learnt from the famous Viennese master of horsemanship, Pugliano, all forms of equestrian technique. Thus, carrying with him the reputation of one of the most gifted scholars of noble breeding that had ever come out of England, he returned to find himself a favoured member of Queen Elizabeth's court, one of her cup-bearers and the recognised heir to the huge Leicester properties, including those in Warwickshire, not least that of Kenilworth. The ever devoted Languet was left to regret the distance that now separated them. He heard with pride of his success at court and advised him to be sure to keep in the Queen's good favour.

An opportunity arose for the two friends to meet when in 1577 Sidney was chosen as special envoy to carry to the Emperor Rudolph II of Austria, Queen Elizabeth's condolence on the death of his father and congratulations on his accession to the throne. Languet met Sidney on his return from Prague and travelled as far as Cologne with him. But the next year, when back in England, and leading an idle life at court Sidney poured out his sense of boredom to his old friend. Did not his teeming, enriched mind cry out against the narrow existence to which he was bound? "The use of the pen has plainly gone from me," he wrote to his old friend, "and my mind itself, if ever it was active about anything, is now, by reason of my indolent sloth, beginning imperceptibly to lose its strength." Languet could not agree, yet he knew that Sidney generally took life too seriously, telling him that he "is far beyond his years." Yet serious, even melancholy at times, we know from Spenser that Philip could make merry with the shepherds at their shearing feast down at his sister's place at Wilton.

In reply to Sidney's longing for a quiet life away from the artificialities of the Court Languet begged him not to waste his gifts "and bury in the earth the large talent which God has entrusted to you." He sent messages from other scholars who had met him, saying they also were afraid that retirement would relax his vigorous energy and love of ease creep over his spirit, which showed the impression Sidney had made on scholars in the European capitals.

Often in these letters we read of Languet's advice to his young friend to marry. "If you marry a wife and if you beget children like yourself you will be doing better service to your country than if you cut the throats of a thousand Spaniards or Frenchmen." The old man feared that Sidney might throw away his life on some inglorious escapade. He even suggested a marriage between Sidney and a foreign Princess, one who was later unsuccessfully wooed by the Elector of Brandenburg. But Sidney had no wish to marry anyone but Penelope Devereux, of whom we hear later.

In 1579 Languet visited England with Prince Casimir and thus had another chance of reunion with Sidney and of being generously entertained by his father, Sir Henry Sidney. It does not seem to have been a happy time for the old scholar and he went away disillusioned with the English Court and better understanding his young friend's wish for a fuller life. Later that same year, when Sidney was banished, owing to his quarrel with the Earl of Oxford and in further disgrace through his letter to the

Queen condemning her proposed marriage with the Duc d'Anjou, Languet hearing "with great pain" of both events sent wise advice. "You gain neither advantage nor honour by quarrelling with men of rank," he wrote, referring to Anjou. He even suggested Sidney's coming to Belgium to command a squadron or wing of horse under La Noue, a skilled general in the service of the Prince of Orange, as a safer course than staying in England.

But an absorbing passion eclipsed at this time all other interests in Sidney's life. Penelope Devereux, his Stella, whom he had left as a child had grown into a lovely girl in her early teens, with eyes "of colour black" and hair of amber shade. Her father Walter Earl of Essex, had on his death-bed in Ireland called Sidney his son and wished him to marry his daughter. Partly owing to this sacred request, and more because of Stella's growing charms, which before he had ignored (see his sonnet beginning "I might!—unhappy word—O me, I might") Sidney's love for her became a consuming fire, which reached its height when she was married to Lord Rich, against her wish, as her lover believed. To her Sidney penned most of his 108 sonnets, known under the title of *Astrophel and Stella*, a series of love poems unequalled, but now seldom read.

When letters continued to arrive from Languet with news of European affairs Sidney was in no mood for politics as this sonnet tells:

Whether the Turkish new moon minded be  
To fill her hornes this yeere on Christian coast?  
How Poles' right king means without leave of hoast  
To warm with ill-made fire cold Muscovy?  
If French can yet three parts in one agree?  
What now the Dutch in their full diets boast?  
How Holland hearts, now so good townes be lost,  
Trust in the shade of pleasant Orange-tree?  
How Ulster likes of that same golden bit  
Wherewith my father once made it half tame?  
If in the Scotch Court be no weltering yet?  
These questions busy wits to me do frame;  
*I*, cumbered with good manners, answer doe,  
But know not how: for still I thinke of you.

Even when married Penelope seems to have aroused false hopes:

Gone is the winter of my misery  
For Stella hath, with words where faith doth shine  
Of her high heart giv'n me the monarchy" . . .

he wrote in great happiness. But it was short lived. From that height fell not only his hopes but his ideal:

Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's self-chosen snare  
Fond fancy's scum . . .  
Desire, desire, I have too dearly bought  
With price of mangled mind, thy worthless ware.

Did this return to his nobler self come from the memory of Languet's faith in him, and with it the truth of Stella's wanton ways, however often he had tried and wished to overlook them? It must have been this terrible awakening that drew forth the sonnet:

Leave me, O love, which reachest but to dust,  
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things."

For the news had come to him of Languet's death—Languet his shepherd. The wife of M. Plessis Mornay had been at the old man's bedside and had taken the messages he sent to Sidney. All the devotion and wisdom that Languet had given him, and especially the remembrance of his belief in his great gifts, all must have been vividly recalled, offered to him with the love of a father to a son: "*mi charissime Sidnae, mi dulcissime fili,*" as the old man had ended a letter. May we not believe that this friendship has enriched the poetry and the prose of our country? THEODORA ROSCOE.

## SPITSBERGEN

**S**PITSBERGEN is a political paradox—this was the predominant impression I gained during my visit of this group of islands between 74 and 81 degrees of latitude. They are under Norwegian sovereignty and were explicitly included in Norway's Atlantic Charter agreement. Consequently, Svalbard, the Land of the Frigid Coast, with Spitsbergen and the Bear Island as its most important territories, would fall under the supreme command of the Chief of the NATO forces. On the other hand, since the Spitsbergen Agreement concluded in Paris on February 9th, 1920, is based on a neutrality clause, the Atlantic Pact participants could take no military preparations in that area.

Despite a period of British occupation under James I and occasional and rather theoretical Norwegian-Danish sovereignty, the islands have for generations been a no-man's-land, both practically and usually also politically. When it was finally deemed necessary to establish a more solid foundation, these traditions had to be taken into account. Sovereignty fell to Norway, but that country had to accept at the outset not only the above-mentioned military restrictions, but also certain economic and tax limitations. Members of all those nations who signed the agreement or recognised it subsequently were assured of the same economic chances as regards fishing and whaling, hunting and exploitation of mineral resources. Taxes were to be used solely for the internal needs of Svalbard, consequently they are lower than in most countries. In theory no one is barred from starting and running a business enterprise on Spitsbergen. However, in practice only Norwegians and Soviets take advantage of this opportunity. In the Isfjord which is the biggest and most important in that region, the Russians own four areas totalling only 97 square miles. They have, however, managed to gain control over points of strategic importance. I noticed that they control the western entrance and eastern extremities of the fjord, which would probably be most suitable for air as well as submarine bases.

The relationship between Norwegians and Russians is fraught with tension, but the Iron Curtain is somewhat less opaque than elsewhere. Visits to the Soviet concessions are rarely permitted and require previous announcement by the Norwegian governor as well as approval by Consul Istchenko in Barentsburg. Neither the occasionally invited Norwegian colliery directors nor a delegation of Norwegian parliamentarians have been able to inspect the mines or other industrial plants. Only two non-Soviet journalists have been permitted to visit the Russian concessions since the

end of the war. They, too, were not allowed to see mines and other structures rumoured to conceal arms and oil. Both the governor—"we have no secrets from each other"—and the Norwegian mining inspector assured the writer that the Soviets had made no preparations whatever of this kind, and that all the stories of military fortifications were entirely fictitious. An explanation is indicated at this point:— The Soviets have recognised the Norwegian mining laws. Thus, the mining inspector may at any time examine the labour protection regulations which are strictly adhered to. I asked Governor Balstad to enquire in Barentsburg whether I might visit the concessions, and he promised to do so. However, when I returned to Longyearbyen a few days later, Balstad confessed that he had done nothing. He did not wish to force his friend, the Soviet Consul Istchenko, to accede to his request and thus possibly expose him to difficulties. Consequently, with all my desire for objectivity, I have no choice but to confine my report to what I could see through my binoculars, and what I learned from those who had visited the concessions—the governor himself, the mining inspector, members of the Norwegian parliament and sports club delegates. Two or three annual sports events, held alternately in Longyearbyen and in Barentsburg, have become traditional. On such occasions the Soviets like to show generous gestures by donating valuable silver cups and expensive cameras.

Some two hours before Longyearbyen, or more precisely, directly after reaching the Isfjord, we behold a stretch of land jutting out, some houses lining the hill, and a long wooden tunnel. This is Cape Heer, outpost of Barentsburg, the foremost Soviet concession. The former Dutch mining concern, acquired cheaply by the Russians, is now called "Arktik Ugol" (Arctic Coal). From Cape Heer where the coal is mined it is brought through the tunnel to Barentsburg with its harbour and modern docks. The tunnel is of vital importance, as I was informed, since a single blizzard might cover the whole length of tracks. Except for one house, German commandos destroyed the entire town of Barentsburg during the war. It has been rebuilt more slowly than the Norwegian settlements but is now completely restored. Barentsburg consists mainly of rather unattractive log-houses which, however, are nicely done up inside. Balstad describes the kindergartens as first-class, but there is no school. Children of school age are separated from their families and sent back to the Soviet Union, whereas Longyearbyen on the Norwegian side and even the small village of Ny Alesund with its 75 inhabitants provides teachers and regular instruction. Barentsburg further includes a restaurant, café, canteen, a store, a library, a cinema, a dance-hall and a large swimming pool. One interesting fact is that the colony is planned on far more concentrated lines than Norwegian settlements. This may facilitate closer control of each individual. The Soviets do not avail themselves of the Norwegian radio stations and the postal, telegraph and coastal shipping services although they are entitled to do so. They have created their own institutions.

Persistent rumours about forced labour being sent to Spitzbergen have remained unconfirmed. By all accounts, the people of Barentsburg seem neither oppressed nor undernourished. On the contrary—the Russians are obviously anxious to gain special loyalty through favourable conditions. The housing standard is far superior to that in the Soviet Union, outside

Moscow and Leningrad. A grading system is being used, as everywhere within the Communist realm, but the average wages are two-and-a-half times higher than at home. The minimum term of service is two years. The number of women on the Soviet side is striking as compared to Longyearbyen and Ny Alesund. Here, only engineers, miners, foremen, etc., are allowed to bring their families and a few girls are engaged for urgently needed help in the kitchens, canteens, etc. Every tenth inhabitant is female, contrasted with every third or fourth in the Soviet concession. I could not find out whether there are women miners, but the Russians like to present to strangers their female engineers and one very active woman geologist. I got no confirmation of repeated press reports that only men of military age are being sent to the Soviet concessions. However, I did see photographs of stakhanovites whose number is estimated at 200, showing strong, muscular features. It will be remembered that the Soviets intended to arm their miners in the second world war and give them military training. It may be interesting to note, in this connection, that many people in Barentsburg wear uniform, including the so-called sport instructors. The Norwegian settlements house some 1,200 people, while the Soviet concessions are inhabited by at least 3,000. In reverse proportion is the coal production in the two principal places—Longyearbyen: 1,000 tons daily, Barentsburg: 400 tons. Moreover, the Russian fields are nearing exhaustion, and the Soviet do not hesitate to make all kinds of costly experiments to discover new deposits.

There is no doubt that all the Soviet concessions are not a paying proposition, and it is equally certain that the Russians are not interested economically in this work. We must conclude, therefore, that Moscow's concern is of a purely strategic nature. Air bases in Svalbard would shorten the route to North America and strengthen their defences in the Arctic Seas. The Soviet radar system would also benefit from the position of the islands. Meteorological stations in Spitsbergen had already given valuable assistance to both sides during World War II. From the purely military aspect, the strategic value of Spitsbergen to the NATO powers is hardly greater than bases in Greenland. Their concern, therefore, is more on the negative side. They want to prevent the Arctic isles from becoming part of Soviet military strategy. Eyes are being cast from Oslo to Washington with obvious disapproval in the direction of the numerous and seemingly outsize ships anchored in the ports of the Soviet concessions in Spitsbergen. Of course, the Governor vows that no secret preparations are being made. But it is virtually impossible to control the vast extent of this thinly populated territory. Let us not forget that, even while the area was formally occupied by the Allies, the Germans managed to maintain up to six radio and meteorological stations during the last war.

A. J. FISCHER.

## THE MICKIEWICZ CENTENARY

**O**N November the 27th of this year, the whole of Poland will be celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the death of Adam Mickiewicz, its greatest poet. It is a remarkable thing in any country in these days for a poet to be so universally revered and loved

that his own despairing cry:—

“ O might I live to see those happy times

When home to each thatched cottage come my rhymes . . .” should become a factual reality. But Mickiewicz is looked upon in Poland as something more than a poet. In his life he provided a voice and a figurehead to direct and bind together the thousands of Poles scattered in exile all over the world, from Germany to America, as well as those still struggling under the repression of foreign autocrats. When he was born, Poland as a political entity had already ceased to exist, and when he died there were still sixty years and more to pass before she could take her place again among the nations of Europe. At the age of twenty-six he left his native land, never to return, but through all those years of exile, in Dresden, Rome or Paris, he lived always so intensely in the spirit and tradition of the Polish nation and its struggle that he was able to create a body of work which can truly be called the foundation of modern Polish literature.

If the works of Mickiewicz are hardly known at all in England it is largely because they are in formal expression and substance so profoundly and idiomatically national as to be almost untranslatable. And yet, dedicated as he was in action and imagination to Poland and its cause, the young Mickiewicz was also very typically one of the new young men of Europe of the early nineteenth century, that romantic generation for whom Byron set a fashion, imbued with the ideas of Rousseau and inspired by the ideals of the French Revolution. They emerged, for the most part, from the social level of the impoverished gentry, which in Europe meant also, as likely as not, to belong to an oppressed national minority. Their romanticism represented a revolt both against autocratic imperialism and the vulgarity, ugliness and cruelty of the encroaching tyranny of commerce and industrialism. Hence the paradox that lies at the heart of the romantic attitude: on the one hand the preoccupation with the past, with the lost heroic ages, with old folk legends and the atmosphere of peasant lore and superstition: on the other the active participation in revolutionary movements and the championship of social progress. Similarly their heroes aspire to move in the highest society, only to express their utter contempt for it; and while wearing a mask of cynical callousness towards women, simultaneously plunge into the most passionate affairs which must always be foredoomed to a tragic end.

While in the last two respects Mickiewicz followed the general romantic pattern, being much influenced by his reading of Byron and his acquaintance with Pushkin, his political outlook was more consistent and more solidly founded in his experience than that of many of his young contemporaries in France and in Germany, as his conception of his vocation as a poet was also clearer. By the time he reached maturity, he had seen the armies of Napoleon, whom the Poles had hailed as liberators, crawl back broken from Moscow, and the champion himself revealed as a traitor and a tyrant. And all the hopes and impulses awoken by the French Revolution which he inherited at birth, crushed, after the Congress of Vienna, by a regime of more savage reaction than Europe had previously known. The hidden grief, the haunting sense of doom of the Byronic hero had in him a very concrete cause.

When Byron lay dying at Missolonghi, for a cause which he had adopted

virtually as a personal expiation, Mickiewicz was released from prison in Vilna and a few months later banished forever from Polish soil. By this time his revolutionary *Ballads and Poems* published in Vilna two years before, a long poem in more classical style called *Grazyna*, and the first two parts of a poetic drama *Dziady (The Forefathers)* which was to develop into a kind of personal testament, had made him the acknowledged spokesman of Polish youth. But what he had not expected was to find that in Russia too, in St. Petersburg to which he was first sent, in Odessa and Moscow, he was known and acclaimed by the young intelligentsia, which was carrying on its own struggle against Czarist oppression. The four and a half years spent in Russia effected in him an expansion of outlook which was to prove crucial to the development of his thought and action. To a young Pole brought up in conspiratorial circles, Russia and all things Russian were pre-eminently the enemy. He was to find that there was another Russia, a Russia which organized active resistance to the autocracy of the Czar, and cherished the same romantic ideals of liberty and heroism as himself and his contemporaries. He was to lose many friends in the suppression of the Decembrist rising of 1825. This added experience weaned him from the narrow nationalism of his youth, and of the Polish conspiratorial groups, and sowed the seeds of that conviction which later was to find expression in the *Books of the Polish Nation and its Pilgrimage* that the true nationalism is internationalism. At the time his changing outlook was bodied forth in a long heroic poem *Konrad Wallenrod*, which told of a young Lithuanian pagan of the fourteenth century who joined the ranks of the Knights of the Holy Cross in order to avenge their conquest of his country by striking at them from within.

To the Polish revolutionaries the parable was clear, but equally clear also to the Czarist police in Warsaw. Mickiewicz was smuggled out of Russia on a British ship and made his way through Germany to Rome. The following year came the testing time, the personal crisis of his life. News came from Paris of the February days of 1830 which overthrew the Bourbons and established Louis Philippe. The substitution did not inspire Mickiewicz with any enthusiasm. But at the end of November a group of young officers and hot-headed gentry managed to seize power in Warsaw, drive out the Russian garrison, and in the name of the "Polish King Nicolaus" declare war on the Russian Czar. Mickiewicz was caught in a dilemma. His early poems were the inspiration and battle-cry of the insurgents. He was daily awaited in Warsaw. But he himself had changed. To him the Warsaw rising appeared as just another romantic gesture, a desperate flinging of the glove in the face of fortune. It was not based on popular sympathy nor did its success hold out any hope of liberation to the peasants and the common people. In a torment of doubt he delayed six months before starting on his journey to Warsaw and had only reached Dresden when he was met by the pitiful procession of refugees fleeing from the massacre after the fall of Warsaw.

Though his doubts of the validity of the Warsaw rising had been amply confirmed, Mickiewicz could never forgive himself for not having been there. All he could do was to march westward with the growing flood of emigrants, establish himself in Paris where they made their headquarters, and give himself up to a frenzy of literary creation. At this time when all

hopes were defeated, all illusions shattered, he saw it as his mission to keep alive the national consciousness of the Polish exiles and to give them an active role in Europe. To this end he issued his *Books of the Polish Nation and its Pilgrimage*, perhaps the most historically significant of all his works.

"They say, 'There is our homeland where we are happy.' But the Pole says, 'There is my country wherever there is unhappiness,' for wherever in Europe freedom is oppressed and is fought for, there is our struggle, and there is our homeland and our duty."

In this prophetic vein, Mickiewicz exalted the Poles in a vision of a martyred nation, whose resurrection could only be brought about through the regeneration of all the other nations of the world. And when, years later in 1848, Mickiewicz was raising a Polish legion to fight for Italian independence, the ideas embodied in the *Books* were carried further in the oath which the legionaries took, promising to give "political and brotherly help to our brother the Czech people, and its kindred peoples, as well as to our Russian brother and all Russ peoples. To Israel, our elder brother, respect, brotherhood and help in his wanderings towards his eternal and temporary goals, and equality in everything."

The *Books of the Polish Nation* provided at the time just the extended vision and invigoration which the Polish exiles needed. But the work which appeared two years later, in 1834, at once the climax and finale of Mickiewicz's poetic life, has remained the highest poetic achievement in the Polish language and the most complete expression of the Polish national consciousness. In *Pan Tadeusz* Mickiewicz summed up the full resources of Poland's past and defined and articulated the characteristic riches of its people. The potentiality of the future is contained in the realization of the past, and only through the conscious awareness of its inherent values can a nation or a people realise itself. *Pan Tadeusz* exhales the very tang and tone of Polish popular life. In it the poet Mickiewicz fulfilled himself, and wrote no more. The patriot exhorted, lectured, organized, for eleven years more, to find at last a death-bed strangely like Byron's, in squalor and frustration near Constantinople at the opening of the Crimean war, still trying to organize a recalcitrant legion against the tyranny of the Czar. Frustrated and futile his own active efforts may have seemed, but he had given to Poland an abiding spirit, a clear consciousness of its destiny, and a leading role to play upon the stage of Europe. From the date of his death until the present day, wherever has been the front line of the fight for freedom, the Poles have been found to be there with his words on their lips. And today they are coming into the inheritance of that rich culture and sharp sense of life which he so splendidly defined for them.

JOHN ARKWRIGHT.

### JAMES MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN

**A**S a direct expression of "provincialism" among writers in English no tendency within recent years has been of greater interest than the Celtic Renaissance. It is not wholly new. No single modern book embodying the Celtic spirit in the manifestations by custom associated with it, melancholy and mysticism, has had a tithe of the influence exercised by James Macpherson's *Ossian* (1760-63), which, if it met with some contempt

in England, produced effects almost magical in France and Germany. Lady Charlotte Guest's translation of the *Mabinogion* (1838-49) did in a lesser degree for Wales what Macpherson had achieved triumphantly for the highlands of Scotland.

Macpherson was born 27th October, 1736, at Ruthven in Inverness-shire, where, after studying at Aberdeen and Edinburgh, he became a school-master. His first published work, a poem entitled *The Highlander*, appeared in 1758, followed by *Jupiter*, published at Moffat in 1759. Can anyone hope to say anything not new, but even fresh, on a topic so well worn? Can we say anything more about Macpherson's *Ossian*? It may well be doubted; and yet one is always the better for a walk in the morning air. There is a pervading wholesomeness in Macpherson's writings, a vernal property that soothes and refreshes in a way of which few writers in his day have ever found the secret. I make this emphatic statement notwithstanding the jibes and ridicule cast upon the name of James Macpherson, then and now. His story has been well told frequently, but the "Ossianic problem" today is the quality of Macpherson's imagination, and not the authenticity of *Fingal* or *Carthon*. In his own time the questions were perforce confounded. Whoever made the "poems," they remained as poems, exactly what they were. Nor was their appeal to Goethe, to Chateaubriand, and to the imagination of Europe, much affected by the verdict of the scholars. The charm of these lyrics and epics faded away not because Macpherson was found out but because they were found out. By the side of the truer poetry which succeeded them they could not stand. The lover of letters loses not a little if he misses *Ossian*. But first to notice, though in bare outline, the long history of *Ossian's* vogue.

Macpherson was twenty-three when he began operations. In 1759 he showed the *Death of Oscar* to John Home at Moffat; and in the following year his fifteen *Fragments of Ancient Poetry*, collected in the Highlands of Scotland, was translated from the Gallic or Erse Language. At the end of 1761, after his Highland tour, he issued the six books of *Fingal, an Ancient Epic*, with other pieces; and in 1763 the eight books of *Temora*, another epic, with more short pieces. The *Poems of Ossian* with his discourse and another by Hugh Blair were the well-head of an immense literature; of editions and commentaries; of versifications, and of translations into several foreign tongues; of reports, books, and dissertations, for and against; of imitations and echoes, again in many tongues; and of modern articles and treatises on the whole story, including special studies of "Ossian in France," "Ossian in Germany," and *Ossian* everywhere. The most enduring result was to quicken the interest in the real Celtic poetry, both Irish and Scottish on the part of collectors and scholars. Many things, of course, contributed to that great enterprise; but the task of putting Macpherson's *Ossian* in his place counted for something.

The reception of the poems throws light on the state of taste and judgment during the latter half of the century. Macpherson's pretensions were attacked on three principal grounds, which can be kept fairly distinct.

(1) The earliest challenge was that of common sense. He was pressed by friend and foe to produce the text of the Gaelic verses which he professed to have collected orally. This was never done; and without following him

through the maze of evasions, enough to say that long afterwards, when money was found for him by his admirers to enable him to print his originals, he left at his death a mass of Gaelic manuscripts which were edited and published after being destroyed. These are pronounced to be written in a language which is not that of the popular poetry of any period. It appears that it is a translation of parts of his own English, in other words, a forgery. A report made in 1805 by the Highland Society of Edinburgh found that no old poem had been discovered answering as a whole to any one of Macpherson's "Ossianic" pieces. It was clear that he had had some Gaelic originals before him but had used them as he chose, translating sometimes up to a point, but embroidering and paraphrasing and adding and colouring. These conclusions have been driven home by the Celtic scholars, for whom Macpherson's work is little but a historical curiosity; and they have completely established the second and still more radical charge.

(2) There were many real, traditional ballads on Ossian and Finn current both in the Highlands and Ireland. But Temora, Carthon, and the rest were wholly different from these in setting, in detail, in spirit, and in atmosphere. There had been no old epics of the kind. The poems were void of humour, and of distinct character-drawing. They effaced the definite and brilliant pictures of the ancient life and customs presented by the ballads, and they substituted haze. In one way, however, Macpherson earned his mead. He kept the outline of the legendary Ossian, who had grown in course of time from the figure of a mere warrior into that of an old poet who survived and lamented departed princes, and who had thus lived on in Highland tradition. He fused cycles of stories that were centuries apart in legendary date. The Irish Cuchullin was supposed to live in the first century, and the Irish Finn, Macpherson's Fingal, in the third, but in the Ossianic poems they are in contact. Finn, moreover, was Irish; but he, and the other "warriors of Erin in their famous generations," are appropriated to Caledonia; and the scholars of Erin, in Macpherson's own day raised their protest. Worst of all, in a manner which a German expert describes as "not nice," Macpherson threw scorn upon the actual popular ballads which had given him some of his material. These he changed and tinted out of all true resemblance; and on such disguisings had modelled other poems, for which no authentic originals have been discovered. The conclusions, however, must not be too sweeping. It is not precisely known, or likely to be known, what poems he really had before him; nor, again, how far they may have been modified, or distorted, before reaching his hands. But it is agreed that he imported into them not only much invented story, but a tone, a mood, a landscape, and a literary manner which was not popular or antique at all.

(3) A third charge, elaborated after Macpherson's time, was that of plagiarism. We must admire his daring and his sense of humour in pointing out certain likenesses between the words of *Ossian* and those of Milton. Thus could be seen the affinity of genius in ages far apart. But the likenesses could be otherwise explained. The *Address to the Sun*, in Carthon, had at once become famous, and indeed is the best thing in the whole series; it still retains a certain splendour:—

"But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no

more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the West. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season; they years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, O, sun, in the strength of they youth!"

Macpherson shows some artistry in his borrowings. They do not destroy that unity of tone which is his most singular achievement. Unity, it is true, speedily sinks into monotony; but that is a modern verdict, and was not the feeling of Macpherson's contemporaries. Taken in small doses, the "Ossianic poems" are still arresting, and no amount that we may trace of literary reminiscence can dull them altogether. On all these counts, therefore, the main credit or discredit of the "Ossianic poems" falls to Macpherson. Well informed critics had noticed that as time went on he was half-disposed to hint at the truth and to claim the honours. This was his way or mode of insuring his fame against the day of detection. Like Chatterton he began with what may have been merely a hoax and ended with fabrication and forgery. His tactics, it must be admitted, could not have been more effective; the very missiles hurled against him served his turn, for what he wanted was to be noticed. To publish any genuine lays that he might discover, just as they stood, would have done little to launch *Ossian*. Also to acknowledge from the start his own pastiches would have awakened but a mild curiosity. When the fame of the poems had begun to spread he left a loophole for the recognition of his own "genius." In his "genius" he had doubtless believed from the first; and he knew that it was this, and not merely the pretence of antiquity, that had touched a new chord of feeling. There was to be yet a fourth line of attack which came from the poets themselves; but of this I do not think it necessary in this short essay to comment except to remark that these poets, without exception, overlooked his native talent. Of this, whatever it be worth, Scotland must have the credit; for, as Gibbon observes, in one of his many allusions, sceptical yet not wholly dammatory, to *Ossian*, the poems, "according to every hypothesis, were composed by a native Caledonian."

Macpherson's *dramatis personae* do not help him; they are shadows of shadows and they all talk alike. Ossian, the blind narrator, is the son of the Scottish king, Fingal, and the father of the young Oscar who is slain and lamented. Fingal defeats the Romans, the Norsemen and the Irish. A great fighter, he has all the chivalrous virtues; he is magnanimous to foes and merciful to captives. At last he dies and is hymned by Ossian. Round him and round the princes who oppose him are crowds of knights, with melodious names and indistinguishable natures. There are also many princesses, often warriors too, whom it is impossible to remember apart. Choruses of bards are always ready with harp and song. The cast is completed by the "machines," the supernatural figures, who are sometimes ghosts of men and sometimes spirits of places, and who converse or battle with human beings. The most distinct personage is Ossian himself, and the best poetry is that which he speaks, not as the author of the poems but as a character within them. It is not for his stories, nor for his personages, that Macpherson can gain a hearing, nor was it these that captured the world. What, then, was it? and what is it in his work that

still retains a certain ghostly beauty? The answer seems to be, in his peculiar vein of melancholy, in the music of his names, in certain qualities of his language, and in his rhythm. He showed judgment, from his own point of view, in his choice of language and cadence. The lover of poetry, though he is moved here and there, cannot be trusted to read these volumes through. But the appetite of his contemporaries was keener. For all his borrowings, Macpherson kept his made-up style in a single key.

Macpherson went to Florida and returned, wrote histories, was pensioned by Lord North, sat in the Commons, made vast sums of money, and retired as the laird of Badenoch. The vagaries of his fame while he lived are a comedy. We read how the greater men of letters took sides, were often delighted at first, then wavered, and how at last most of them were arrayed against *Ossian*. But few of these warriors, on either side were poets; and the two questions, whether the lays and epics were ancient, and whether they were good, were seldom, if at all, fairly distinguished. He died 17th February, 1796, at his Inverness-shire estate of Bellville (Balavil). He was buried at his own cost in Westminster Abbey. J. B. PRICE.

### THE ROAD TO XAUËN

**O**N maps of North-West Africa published as little as twenty-five years ago, Xauën appears as nothing more than a point on a caravan trail leading Southwards from the Straits of Gibraltar towards the Atlas Mountains. To this trail, however, the town owes the respect, approaching that of Fez itself, in which its name is held in Morocco, for this was the escape route followed by the last of the Moslem rulers of Spain. Driven from their kingdom of Granada at the end of the fifteenth century, the Berber refugees had fought their way back to the land of their ancestors in search of peace, of a place where they could lead their old way of life unmolested and perhaps re-create in some measure the civilised society they had been forced to abandon. Like them, I travelled with hopeful anticipation, as one always does when entering the mountains, though the old caravan route is now a good motor road. Leaving Tetuán, it crosses the plain of the Rio Martín and then starts to climb into the valleys of the Jebela. As the bus slowly circles its way round the lower slopes of the sprawling foothills the blue edges of the Riff make brief, theatrical appearances above and behind them. Even in the dusty month of September there was the scent of life in the hot earth—patches of ilex and olive followed the sides of the river bed and the steep wadis, and there were springs by the wayside. Our Spanish driver stopped at a couple of these to allow passengers and steaming engine to cool themselves, and the water was the sweetest I remembered tasting. Each new curve of the road seemed more precipitous, each opulent vista more worth the arduous climb, until, after a steady ascent of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours, we suddenly arrived at the top of everything. Around us was a ring of peaks covered in green, and at the foot of one of them, the "twin-horned" mountain which gives the town its name, lay Xauën. It was this sheltered, fertile site that the survivors of Granada chose for their city-sanctuary, the end of their *Odyssey*.

Through the years the Spanish armies made several attempts to occupy Xauën, but only after the defeat of Abdel-Krim in the Riff campaign of

1926 did they succeed. The modern quarter, where the traveller alights, is thus very new indeed. It consists chiefly of barracks for the Spanish Legion and neat little houses for its wives and families, and fortunately makes no genteel attempt at harmony with the old town above. On one side of the thick, bullet-scarred wall are the trim hedges and the white buildings of Colonial Authority, on the other the steep, tortuous labyrinth of the Medina, where 35 years ago only a handful of Europeans had set foot. The transition is immediate and absolute, and perception sharpened by the contrast. I was approached by an intelligent-looking Berber boy of twelve or thirteen who asked in perfect Spanish if I would like him to show me round—it was just, he said, that he thought his company might make my visit more rewarding. I invited him to come along. Together we clambered up an unbelievably narrow street lined with irregular little shops like the mouths of caves. The shopkeepers sat cross-legged amongst their grain, flour, harness and cloth, alert and quiet, watching their small world go past with friendly interest but with no apparent concern for doing business. A visitor from outside like myself attracted no more obvious attention than any other passer-by; how different, I thought, from the hostile curiosity he arouses in so many parts of Spain. Sometimes we stood in a doorway while a string of donkeys scrabbled past on the cobblestones, carrying packs which grazed the walls on either side. Behind the doorways were cool courtyards, their walls sometimes white, sometimes washed with ochre or blue, smelling of wood-smoke and earth and jasmine, and of water, always. For Xauën is a place of fountains—at every turn there is a new one, women endlessly filling jugs and pitchers at the worn, gushing spout. The sound of water and the sight of so much green in the breathless heat make it all seem slightly unreal, like a sort of vast conservatory, though the air itself is clear and dry.

We left on one side the house used by the Khalifa on his official visits—a monumental edifice of three stories—looked in at the school of carpet-making, where tiny children were learning by heart the traditional Berber patterns, then went up into the central square of Outa el Hammam. It was market-day, and amongst the heaps of wild pears, grapes and melons wandered the women, probing and comparing in muted, high-pitched voices. How amorphous, how drably uniform, how inexpressibly neuter they looked, dressed in the stiff 'djellabahs' which hung like tents over their heads and bodies, their mouths muffled by veils and gesture virtually denied them. One imagined Balmain or Dior being ordered here for a rest-cure. In contrast the men stood erect and dignified in their tunics and turbans, their limbs long and spare, their features proud, their complexions often astoundingly fair. Some were in small groups, talking earnestly or gossiping casually, always with good humour; others were silent and alone. In one corner a tall, grey-bearded hill-man with a patrician face leaned on his staff, his right hand resting on the shoulder of a shepherd boy, looking into the distance. Ten minutes later he was in the same posture, his bright eyes, narrowed against the sun, fixed on the same remote point in space or time.

Not far from the market, in the quarter called the Rif Andalous, I took my camera down a narrow, blinding cul-de-sac, partly covered by a thick, arched trellis of vine branches—a feast of chiaroscuro I could not

resist. Before I could get it focused a passer-by approached and, with an urgent motion of his right hand, said quietly in Spanish, "From the other side, Sidi, not here," and then smiled and went on his way as quickly as he had come. Later I discovered how nearly I had committed the sacrilege of photographing one of the sepulchres containing the remains of the twelve legendary saints, warriors and scholars of Xauén. The courtesy with which I was restrained was typical of the generous splendour of manner I sensed everywhere. "You are different from those down there," I remarked, inadequately, waving my hand in the general direction of the plain and Tangier. My young guide looked up and answered, with the voice of one explaining the obvious: "Nosotros somos los auténticos—somos de Granada."

In the heart of the Kasbah of Xauén one is reminded again of this spiritual connection with the European Empire of five centuries ago. The fortress itself was built by Ali ben Raschid, a hero of Granada, and is now in ruins. Inside lies a garden, small, intensely formal and dilapidated. Standing in one of its dusty pathways I gazed at the diminutive pattern of low hedges and fronded bushes, the one or two palm-trees, the weed-grown pond full of golden carp, the crumbling horse-shoe arch leading out to the square. There were momentary perfumes, sometimes herb-like, sometimes drug-sweet and heavy; peacocks were inspecting each other's plumage in the shade at the foot of the tower, whose fragile castellations cast a delicate, arabesque shadow across the ground below. Beyond was the top of a minaret, incandescent against the smouldering brown of the walls around me, resembling in miniature the Giralda in Seville as you see it from the Alcazar. I was touched by the atmosphere of disciplined ease, of being precisely and immutably in harmony with one's surroundings which seems to be a quality of all Moorish gardens. As in the Generalife one has the privileged sense of nearness to, yet isolation from, the world outside, while all about lie the mountains which, sinking away to the Pillars of Hercules, emerge again on the farther side as the Sierras of Andalucia.

Touristically speaking, Xauén is gradually getting on the map. At the top of the town they have built a small hotel which is modern, clean and well-run—there is accommodation for cars, a terrace facing a superb panorama, a swimming-pool. It is a comfortable resting-place which I was glad of, but like the army quarters below it is an unequivocal excrescence. No amount of plumbing, you feel with satisfaction, no profusion of Mod. Cons., can succeed in attracting to Xauén any but those who come for the sake of its own especial and peculiar virtues—a simplicity born of centuries of remoteness, a dignity drawn from a noble past, a way of life which the world has lost yet can never forget. On the way back to the bus I was joined by a barefoot urchin who carried my camera and asked, inevitably, where I had come from. With mock seriousness I told him I was from China. "How many days on the road?" he asked, frowning, "Three days?" "More," I said, "thirty days, perhaps." "Thirty days!" he mused. "Thirty days on the road to China! Caramba!" I retrieved my camera and slipped him a peseta or two as I climbed aboard to take my seat. He followed me, handed back the money, and gravely wished me a safe journey home. DAVID SIMPSON.

## THE VICTORIAN CHRISTMAS

THE nineteenth century was one of the great formative periods in the history of Christmas as a secular institution. There had been no major innovation since the Middle Ages, and the observances inherited from the Middle Ages were in progressive decay. The suppression of the secular as well as the Anglican Christmas under the Puritans had been merely an acute phase in a long story. Then the English Christmas was revivified and largely reshaped within the space of a life-time. The transformation had hardly begun when Victoria became Queen: it was substantially complete before she died. Christmas as we know it is not the least important survival of Victorianism.

The speed and magnitude of the changes which took place make it difficult to generalise about the way in which the Victorians observed Christmas. There were even many throughout the reign who objected to the celebrations altogether. True to the Puritan tradition many Nonconformists regarded them as a manifestation of the Pope and the Devil. Philip Gosse, said his son Edmund, would "denounce the horrors of Christmas until it almost made me blush to look at a holly-berry." To rationalist intellectuals Christmas was a superstitious relic kept alive by commercial interests, or at best a meaningless interruption of useful activities. The Russells of Amberley in the sixties, like Philip Gosse before them, though for different reasons, treated December 25th as an ordinary day. Bernard Shaw later was an eloquent exponent of the view that but for "the shopkeepers" Christmas would have withered and died.

The Victorian revolution took two main forms. A new conception of Christmas evolved. New institutions developed to express it.

The decadence of the traditional Christmas had struck Washington Irving, Charles Lamb and other early nineteenth century observers. The reason for it was partly that some of the customs were anachronistic, resembling, said Irving, "those picturesque morsels of Gothic architecture which we see crumbling in various parts of the country." More fundamentally, the secular Christmas was almost entirely lacking in ethical content; and the religious observances were largely formal. Lip service was still paid to the charity and the hospitality associated with the season but in practice it was little more than an occasion for merrymaking. Christmas came to life again when it acquired a more positive *raison d'être* which was ethically and emotionally satisfying to the average man and woman. It is hard to say when the turning point occurred and to unravel the causes. The change is sometimes attributed to the Prince Consort and Charles Dickens, but they were at most agents in accelerating tendencies which were due to deeper forces. The new outlook on Christmas, it is true, has never been better expressed than in Dickens' great parable *A Christmas Carol*, which was published in 1843. Nothing is more remarkable about the "Carol" than the finality of its message: it still sums up the spirit of the popular Christmas. Yet contemporaries were advancing similar views, and the instantaneous popularity of the "Carol" shows that there was an audience waiting for it.

Ostensibly the "Carol" was reactionary. It professed to recall the traditional spirit. In fact it was the mouthpiece of an unnoticed revolution.

Its message to a responsive public was that those who could afford the good things of the season had a duty to see that their less fortunate neighbours did not go without. As *Punch* was also pointing out, it was a mockery of Christmas that the well to do should gorge while thousands of their fellow countrymen went hungry. Christmas should be a bond between the "two nations" whose existence threatened social unity. There was a special responsibility towards the children, and it was implicit in the "Carol" that the young Cratchits had as much right to enjoy Christmas as the Royal Children at Windsor. The "Carol" is also noteworthy for what it left out. The religious aspects of the season were almost wholly ignored. This was in consonance with the evolution of the secular Christmas as a national institution nominally linked to the Christian feast but for many people dissociated from it in practice. But it was sustained by a vaguely Christian ethic—such as Dickens himself preached—and this was sufficient to sanctify the traditional merrymaking. It had the great advantage of transcending denominational differences. The key to the universal acceptance of the secular Christmas lies in this divorce from the ecclesiastical festival. It is satisfying in its own right, but the practising Christian remains free to celebrate the Nativity in his own way.

Such was the psychological background to the new Christmas. Dickens spoke for millions of less articulate people. Economic and social conditions were also favourable for the resuscitation of Christmas. It met the need of an industrialised society for a mid-winter break from work, and provided an occasion for reuniting families which the revolution in communications had scattered as never before. Christmas was almost alone among the traditional holidays in surviving the attrition of industrialism, and it was natural that it should revive when the fruits of industrialisation began to be enjoyed in higher living standards and greater scope for leisure. Increasing prosperity fed the demand for consumer goods which was stimulated by the Christmas celebrations, and this in turn facilitated the production of cheap luxuries for the mass market which it helped to create. The institutions inherited from what G. K. Chesterton called the "feudal Christmas" were imperfectly adapted to the new conditions. Hence the recasting of the Christmas customs. Some of the old customs were discarded. Among them were wassailing, mumming, the Yule log, and Twelfth Night. Important changes took place in others. December 25th became a practically universal holiday, and soon it was customary for all who could to extend the holiday to Boxing Day. The Bank Holidays Act of 1871 both exemplified and hastened this trend. The exchange of gifts was an ancient custom—associated as much with New Year's Day as with Christmas proper—but it came to assume an entirely new importance.

There remain the three institutions which are the main contribution of the Victorian age to our present day Christmas customs. In chronological order they are the Christmas tree, the Christmas card, and Father Christmas. Little is known about the circumstances in which the Christmas tree was imported from the Continent. What is certain is that it became widely known here in the early forties, spread fast, and was firmly established by the middle of the fifties, and that more or less contemporaneously similar developments were taking place in the United States and other countries, including Germany itself. In Germany the tree has been a

regional custom for at least a couple of centuries: within a few years it was taken for granted everywhere. It is not easy to explain the sudden world-wide efflorescence of this "pretty German toy," as Dickens called it, but presumably it was due to the pre-eminent suitability of the Christmas tree to a festival of the family.

The Christmas card was an English invention which almost at once took hold abroad. Its popularity hardly needs to be explained. In the era of the penny post it was a common-sense rationalism of the traditional exchange of greetings. The surprising thing is that though Horsley and Egley had produced the prototypes of the modern Christmas card in the forties the custom did not begin to establish itself until the sixties. It is hard to say why. That it met a need was shown by the extraordinary vogue it then enjoyed. For a generation the Christmas card was one of the chief and most characteristic vehicles of Victorian popular art, and the work of some of the early designers—Kate Greenaway and Randolph Caldecott, for example—has never been excelled. Lastly, the strange and little known story of Father Christmas. "Father Christmas" under one name or another was a traditional Christmas personage in England, but he had never played a leading part in the festivities. He was a rather shadowy personification of the season and had not been specially associated with children. In the first half of the nineteenth century his grey bearded figure with holly wreathed brow continued to be used as a symbol of the season, but he meant little to the children or anybody else. Then in the second half came a curious interlude in which we find that activities are being ascribed to him which are completely out of character with his past. He scaled roofs, descended chimneys, filled the children's stockings. The key to the mystery is provided by the other name which was used for the personage who was responsible for this unheard of beneficence. Santa Claus, as he was also called, was the central figure in the American Christmas—the Dutch American immigrant who had been transformed from Saint Nicholas into the "right jolly old elf" immortalised in Clement Clarke Moore's *The Night Before Christmas* (1823).

It is clear that the customs connected with Santa Claus were imported from the United States. How, when and why is unknown, but it is not surprising that once here they rapidly established themselves, and that they should have been assimilated with the traditional Father Christmas. The next step was the disappearance of the ancient greybeard. By the end of the century it seems to have been complete. "Father Christmas" had taken over the attributes of Santa Claus, and the names had become interchangeable. By this time the pattern of the new Christmas had been fully outlined. All that remained was for it to gain universal acceptance even among the descendants of those whose refusal to conform had been so vehement. This has happened in the present century. It has been a period of consolidation and standardisation. Against a background of unprecedented change in almost everything else the Christmas customs handed down by the Victorians have become stereotyped and seemingly permanent. There have been changes in detail, but nothing of substance has been added or taken away.

## MOUNTAIN TOP

*At last we know  
The kestrel moment, pinned on the mountain air—  
Hands, feet all left behind on the topmost stair  
Of bent endeavour.*

*Here we are found  
Lifted above the treadmill of the ground,  
Winged beyond hope, born of a blue desire  
For flight.*

*We are air and fire  
And have conquered the grey and green and purple miles  
Till valleys, villages, and streams below  
Dwindle like dreams before an opened door.  
And bridges, railways, footpaths spiked with stiles—  
All, all are drowned in swollen yesterdays.  
But we in a tower of air are bodies no more.*

PHOEBE HESKETH.



## LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

### BONAR LAW

The long awaited biography of Bonar Law deserves the plaudits it has received. It was a triumph to turn the story of the least glamorous of our statesmen into a gripping drama of character and incident. 'The Unknown Prime Minister' comes to life in these five hundred crowded pages, with his obvious limitations and his sterling qualities. Beloved by his family, this reserved Scot was very difficult to know well. He lived in the closed world of business and politics, utterly destitute of intellectual interests, caring nothing for the arts, not merely disliking but literally detesting music, devoting his leisure hours to chess and bridge. Books meant nothing to him. He was equally indifferent to food, social gatherings, week-end parties, and the charms of conversation. He seems to have possessed—and needed—no intimate friend except Lord Beaverbrook. Without *joie de vivre*, his spirits were permanently depressed by the loss of his wife and by the death of his two eldest sons in the First World War. As a final blow he was struck down at the age of sixty-five by cancer in the throat within a few months of his call to the Premiership. Though Grey had equal trials to bear he got far more happiness out of life.

How was it that this solitary, pessimistic and limited man helped to make history and rose to the highest posts? Mr. Blake explains the paradox by copious extracts from his correspondence and the testimony of his contemporaries. That the Glasgow ironmaster mounted so fast and so high was due above all to his faculty of clear thinking and exceptional readiness of speech. Sitting opposite to him for four years in the Liberal Parliament of 1906 I admired the lucidity of his interventions, delivered without a note except when he made a quotation. Next to Balfour, the Leader of the Opposition, he struck me as the readiest debater in his party, but there was a complete absence of warmth, charm, colour and personality. He inspired respect, not enthusiasm or affection. Looking back at the end of his life to the years before 1914 he made a remarkable confession. "There were only two things I really cared for as matters of conviction—the rest was merely a game. One of these was tariff reform, the other was fair play for Ulster." Tariff reform had to wait till many years after his death, but the fact that Ulster remains within the British Commonwealth is due at least as much to him as to Carson.

When Balfour resigned the leadership in 1911 in disgust at the flouting of his authority in the Veto controversy by leading members of the Opposition, Bonar Law was chosen as his successor since neither Austen Chamberlain nor Walter Long possessed a clear majority. At that time, declares his biographer, he was "far more ambitious than anyone realised." It is a mistake to imagine that Lord Beaverbrook had to ginger him, for he knew his powers and had a poor opinion of his rivals. Once elected he began to assert himself by a studied roughness and indeed rudeness of utterance in Parliament which was described by friend and foe as "the new style." The next three years were a prolonged dog-fight about Home Rule. It is not an edifying tale. The passions aroused by the South African War, the Lloyd George Budget of 1909, and the Veto Bill of 1911 were trifling compared to the ferocity of the Ulster feud. Both sides fought with the gloves off, and Ireland seemed close to civil war when the storm broke over Europe in August 1914, and ended for the time the Irish and all other domestic feuds.

The outbreak of war opened a new chapter in the life of Bonar Law. Hitherto regarded as a hard-hitting party man, he now appeared in a more attractive light. To men and women of my generation who recall every thrill of that titanic struggle it is fascinating to read Mr. Blake's admirable chapters on the three stages of the war—the opening phase of the Liberal Government, the middle phase of the first coalition, and the closing phase of the Lloyd George dictatorship. In all three Bonar Law played a useful and honourable part, banishing—like everybody

else—the resentments of the past and devoting himself body and soul to the national cause. That he helped to substitute the "Welsh wizard" for the ageing Yorkshireman at the end of 1916 was in no way due to party considerations. He admired Asquith's superb intellect, but he shared the growing conviction that the war could not be won with such a pilot at the helm and demanded a leader with more fire in his belly. In June 1916, at the height of the battle of the Somme, he found the Prime Minister on a Monday morning at his country home in Berkshire playing bridge with three ladies. They had never been intimate, and indeed the personal relations of the Liberal and Conservative Ministers during the eighteen months of the First Coalition were frosty. The latter, declares Mr. Blake, deeply distrusted the Prime Minister, and served under him with unconcealed reluctance.

With the accession of Lloyd George to power we enter on the most notable chapter in the life of Bonar Law. Having declined the offer of the Premiership he served the new captain with unswerving loyalty, not merely because he believed him the best—and indeed the only—man for the job but because their partnership at the crisis of our fate bred a warm friendship between the ebullient Celt and the pessimistic Scot. He was the perfect second violin, able, industrious, unselfish, "utterly indifferent to public glory and prestige." He grew mellower in character and utterance, managed the House with remarkable tact, and won the regard of all parties. The Prime Minister could scarcely have kept the predominantly Conservative Coalition together without the skill and loyalty of his Chief of Staff.

"The little man," as he was called by his colleagues, was indispensable in war, but he seemed by no means indispensable on the return of peace, and an increasing number of Conservatives looked forward to the collapse of the Coalition. So long as Bonar Law remained Deputy Premier and Leader of the House nothing could be done, but in 1921 his health broke down and his place was taken by Austen Chamberlain. In the following year he was well enough to join Baldwin in overthrowing his old chief at the historic party meeting at the Carlton Club on the ground that the Prime Minister seemed likely to disrupt the Conservative party as he had already broken the Liberal ranks. By this time Bonar Law had lost his resilience, and the glittering prize brought more pleasure to his family than to himself. He was an ailing man and his course was nearly run. He declined to advise the King on the choice of his successor, ostensibly on the ground that he was too ill to assume any kind of responsibility, but in fact for the deeper reason that he felt no spark of enthusiasm either for Curzon or Baldwin. He was well aware of the unpopularity of the majestic Procunsel, and Baldwin's settlement of the American debt without consulting the Cabinet shattered his confidence in the judgement of his Chancellor of the Exchequer. He met death calmly and without the consolations of religious belief. No one could say of him—and he would never have said of himself—that he warmed both hands before the fire of life. Few men who have climbed so high have derived so little satisfaction from the integral fulfilment of the soaring ambitions of their youth.

G. P. GOOCH.

*The Unknown Prime Minister. The Life and Times of Andrew Bonar Law, 1858-1923.*  
By Robert Blake. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 42s.

## POPULATION TRENDS

The populations of the world are very unevenly distributed over the earth's surface. India, Japan, Eastern China, and parts of Europe, including England and Wales, are dense and great tracts of Africa, America, Asia and Australia sparse. This is not in all cases because these lands are uninhabitable, but simply that populations have not moved in to occupy them. The British Commonwealth is the most striking example of inequality: England is one of the most densely

populated countries in the world; the great Dominions are among the least. A better distribution is not merely a matter of administrative tidiness but essential for the well-being of the countries concerned. Australia in particular had fears of Japanese invasion before the war, and only last year an Indian economist, S. Chandrasekhar, proposed the establishment of an International Emigration Council which should take possession of some of its empty lands and settle Asiatic peoples on them. All the Dominions recognise the need for more people than they can produce in spite of their high birth rates—some twenty-five per thousand of population—and Australia, New Zealand and Canada would particularly like to receive more people from this country.

A better distribution is undoubtedly desirable but it involves many problems. These are fully and impartially discussed by Dr. McCleary in clear and concise language that makes his book a pleasure to read. He is peculiarly well qualified for the task. As Medical Officer of Health for Battersea he early interested himself in child welfare, and in subsequent years he had made wide studies of the more general demographic problems which he has recorded in a number of well-known books. In the present volume he traces the changes in birth and death rates for this country and shows how they came about, and he gives an historical account of emigration from our shores and of the settlement of the great Dominions. Australia and New Zealand are very largely peopled from the United Kingdom and indeed claim to be more British than Britain itself. Canada has a more varied population: the British are the largest single group and the French-Canadians come next; their natural increase is considerably higher than that of the British and they may not always occupy the second place; there are also numbers of other Europeans especially Germans, Dutch, Poles and Ukrainians.

The flood of emigration from this country was highest during the nineteenth century; between 1815 and 1914 it is estimated that more than twenty million people left here for destinations outside Europe; thirteen million went to the United States, about four million to Canada and 1,500,000 to Australia. The first war stopped this flow and when it started later its character was changed. The pre-war migrations had been mainly unplanned; they were either individual efforts or organised by societies with more encouragement from the Dominion Governments than from our own; the post-war migrations have been to a considerable extent planned and subsidised by the Governments concerned.

Although the population of the United Kingdom is larger than it has ever been the rate of emigration has not correspondingly increased. It was inevitable during the war that it should fall but in other years there have been some disconcerting features. During the 1930's a reversal set in and for some years more people returned to this country than left it; some very contemptuous comments were made about them in the lands they were forsaking. Dr. McCleary thinks that the lure of welfare benefits was a magnet, and the reciprocal arrangements now made with Australia, and likely to be made with other Dominions, will check this reverse movement. In the Dominions themselves there are not wanting accusations—which our educationalists should take to heart—of lack of grit, of enterprise and adaptability.

Various estimates have been made of the number of people that might advantageously migrate annually. Unquestionably these islands are overcrowded; devastation and spoliation of the countryside are proceeding at an appalling rate and our population is now twice the size that we can feed from our own soil. In recent years the net emigration has averaged 85,000 annually; the Royal Commission on Population thought that 100,000 was the safe limit, but others argue that 500,000 would be better and the resulting reduction in overcrowding would be good for everyone. These and other problems are ably discussed by Dr. McCleary and the book can be cordially commended to all interested in the subject.

E. JOHN RUSSELL.

*Peopling the British Commonwealth.* By G. F. McCleary. Faber. 18s.

## DARWIN AND HUXLEY

Fortune led Darwin's interest onto the mutability of species, and his genius organised the highly significant concept of evolution. In *Darwin Revalued*, through many details of his career, including for instance his married life and his devotion to barnacles, this developing notion runs like a thread. When Darwin, then fifty, published *The Origin of Species*, on November 24, 1859, it compressed "twenty-two years of hard thought and labour" into one book. Good fortune and genius had combined to revolutionise thought. The impact of Darwinism on thought is visible in the famous meeting of the British Association at Oxford in June 1860. *Apes, Angels, and Victorians* begins with the "Revolution in a classroom" when Huxley made his historic reply to Bishop Wilberforce. The impact was continuing in 1864 when Benjamin Disraeli, again at Oxford, sided with the angel against the ape in man. William Irvine uses the relevant quotation as a prefatory motto, and to it owes the title of his book. Darwin's absence from the June meeting, through illness, brought T. H. Huxley into the fight for evolution. Thus, though many Victorians figure in the book, this is called a "Joint Biography" of Charles Darwin and Thomas Huxley.

The Revaluation assigns Darwin racially to the "Beaker type." It notes, as Darwin himself confesses, his boyish deceits to secure attention, and his later "ambition to be esteemed." It regards his sufferings as the price of his genius, and says that Darwin knew himself to be a hypochondriac, and his skilful finance receives its due; his studies of insectivorous plants and his "intelligence tests" on worms are inevitably included. He restricted the mutability involved in evolution to biological species, he found no evidence for abiogenesis, and, finally none for creation. He intended to be a clergyman, and was "quite orthodox" when he boarded the *Beagle* in 1831. In 1871 Emma, his wife, disliked the *Descent of Man* because it was "putting God further off." The Revaluation traces his collapse, after leaving the *Beagle* in 1836, into final agnosticism. The final degree examination and the preparative studies of the candidates roughly correspond to Natural Selection and the mutational mechanism of evolution. Darwin, as Sir Arthur Keith notes realised his own inclination to "attribute too much to Natural Selection." The rejection of this agency "in producing structural adaptations, such as the sting of the bee," would mortify him—so the judgement runs. In the *Origin* individuals compete, and co-operation has no mention; in the *Descent* communities compete through such co-operative qualities as sympathy, fidelity, and patriotism.

Darwin had a "favourite child" in Pangenesis: gemmules from the body parts lodging in the germ cells could hereditarily transmit the effects of use or disuse. In 1875 Darwin may have been too old, the Revaluation suggests, to welcome Galton's blows at Pangenesis, though he realised the bias against the mere collection of generative elements by the sexual organs. Yet, the assessment runs, Darwin would have fitted his theory to the chromosome version of heredity, and to the growth-controlling hormones. He would no longer attribute variability to environmental causes or to use and disuse. This presumably assumes the removal of the age disqualification.

Huxley, William Irvine observes, sought out the generalised "archetype" for all species of a class. The same plan in the "archetype Medusa" and the "embryo chick," casually noted, did not suggest evolution to him. The archetype, statically conceived, did not lead him to the "evolutionary prototype"—the common ancestor. Fortune, confederate circumstances, more kindly directed Darwin's insight onto the master notion of evolving species. The fortunate insight had also enlightened Alfred Russel Wallace, though, as William Irvine remarks, he accepted the role of "moon to Darwin's sun."

The qualities of the two men, Mr. Irvine would probably admit, made it more natural, and perhaps more fruitful, for Darwin to enlighten Huxley than *vice versa*. Problems, the author remarks, would tire Huxley, the "prodigious performer"; the patient Darwin solved them. The converted Huxley became, in Darwin's own words, the "mainstay in England of the evolutionary principle."

Huxley, in parallel with Darwin, passed from belief in "God and immortality" to agnosticism "by reading Hamilton on the Unconditioned." Though interest tends to centre on the Great Twin Brethren of evolution, Darwin and Huxley, *Apes, Angels, and Victorians* gives a lively account of personalities and ideas in the general milieu. This includes, for instance, Huxley and Gladstone on the Gadarene swine, and the tussles in the Metaphysical Society which led Huxley to coin the term *agnostic*.

JOSHUA C. GREGORY.

*Darwin Revalued.* By Sir Arthur Keith. Watts. 25s.

*Apes, Angels, and Victorians.* By William Irvine. George Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 21s.

### THE COLOUR PROBLEM

Mr. Anthony Richmond's 'Pelican' is so closely packed with valuable and readable information and argument as to deserve a place on every bookshelf. His field is a wide one, extending over the Union of South Africa, the British colonial territories in Africa, and Britain itself. With interesting quotations from books, speeches and official documents, he surveys the many areas where progress towards partnership between the races is developing and growing. He also examines the areas where an almost insoluble tangle of conflict and mistrust has arisen. Mr. Richmond finds the roots of the conflict in the hearts of men. An attitude of intolerance and lack of sympathy on the part of Europeans to the uncivilised peoples is seen in its evil consequences and in Mr. Richmond's view is often an expression of some psychological complex in their own natures. An assumption of superiority—an aggressive and overbearing behaviour—may on his showing be the outcome of some underlying sense of insecurity or inferiority. From the African point of view, too, the problem is a psychological one. The contact with the new way of life, the introduction to urban and industrial life and uprooting from their native homes are inevitably disturbing. When to this is added the sense that the people whom they had been ready to regard as superior benefactors and protectors do not hesitate to exploit them, disillusionment is added to unsettlement of spirit. The contact which might have developed into a happy, fruitful partnership becomes a source of embitterment. On both sides a warped and critical attitude to the other race grows up.

Mr. Richmond surveys the various centres of tension and shows Africans as they lose their hold of their social, religious or moral traditions, displaying the conduct characteristic of an unstable society. Crime, delinquency, breakdown of family relationships, alcoholism and aggressive and violent behaviour such as is shown by Mau Mau, arise. The Europeans, on the other hand, not realising how far their repressive policy is responsible, intensify colour bars and take up policies of racial discrimination and social separation. They attempt to drive the African into closed, separate communities. This, however, as Mr. Richmond argues with much supporting quotation, is a futile effort to set the clock back. The Africans have entered on the path of social revolution with western civilisation as their pattern. They cannot now be thrown back into tribal conditions which in many areas have ceased to exist. If in the Union of South Africa the Government persists in trying to maintain the position of the Whites by repressing the African and excluding him from the privileges of progress, a class war may result which would be all the more terrible because it would also be race war. Nevertheless he does not advocate, either in the Union or in the colonial empire, too sudden an impact of European culture and technology upon a relatively primitive people. In agricultural and industrial development and in education the African should not be hustled. Nevertheless the aim

should always be kept in mind of integrating the several ethnic groups into a working partnership. "Equality, co-operation and toleration will mean not only material prosperity for all, but the preservation of the values of peace, fellowship and freedom which are the essentials of the Christian-humanist tradition."

MOSA ANDERSON.

*The Colour Problem.* By Anthony Richmond. Penguin Books. 3s. 6d.

### THE NEW GERMANY

Alistair Horne, *Daily Telegraph* correspondent in Germany from 1952 to 1954, has written a timely "report on the new Germany" in some three hundred pages which gives an eminently readable and balanced account of German developments since the war which should be found widely useful. The general optimism about the future of the Federal Republic which pervades the book carries all the more weight because of the author's impressive fairness. In his opinion the considerable headway which western Germany has made on the path to democracy cannot be denied. As proof he instances the overwhelming success of two incontrovertibly democratic parties, the Christian Democrats and the Social Democrats, at the federal polls in 1953, and the successful assertion of German public opinion against the plan to create a Federal Ministry of Information. On the other hand, he cites some lenient treatment of German war criminals by the German courts as evidence of a clinging to a bad past, though he tries to explain why many Germans view the whole question differently from western non-Germans. Generally, however, he discounts the possibility of a Nazi or neo-Nazi revival. He is at times too much of a chronicler, and the book gives excessive space to the struggle for the ratification of the abortive EDC treaties. The account of the defection of Otto John is particularly interesting, as it is based on the author's personal acquaintance with the former Federal German security chief, though the treatment is too charitable. Can there really be "no doubt about the sincerity of his motives in going East"? Can one still speak of "John's integrity"? The book suffers from not forming a consistent whole. Thus, for example, Dr. Adenauer's State Secretary, Herr Globke, is mentioned as a former prominent lawyer to the Nazi Government in the context of John's allegations about Nazi infiltration, whereas elsewhere the author states that he mitigated the severity of the Nuremberg Racial Laws.

Mr. Horne is rightly critical of the handling of the Naumann affair by the British High Commission. He says that "the lamentable handling of publicity throughout the Naumann affair by the British High Commission provoked the weirdest and most dangerous misconstructions in the German Press." But in spite of strong legal and moral objections to a procedure which struck at the very root of those elementary liberties which the western Powers wanted to propagate in Germany, the arrests may have checked neo-Nazi infiltration. At times, the author is not afraid to take sides. He is full of praise for the achievements of Dr. Adenauer and his Christian Democrats. He does not speak very highly of the Social Democrat leader Herr Ollenhauer. The author gives a vivid description of the Soviet Zone revolt of June 17, 1953. There is a somewhat unfortunate phrase about Herr Nuschke, a Soviet Zone Deputy Premier, being forced to broadcast for a West Berlin station. What happened was that his car was forced across the sector boundary by the crowds. He was interviewed and recorded in the street by a West Berlin radio reporter. The interview—a rare scoop—was afterwards broadcast. President Heuss' contribution to the stabilisation of democracy in western Germany is fully recognised. But a reference to him as "an elderly, easy-going Swabian intellectual" in connection with the withdrawal of his request for an advisory opinion of the Federal Constitutional Court on the EDC treaties can hardly be

allowed to pass unchallenged. Whether the President's decision was right or wrong, it was not due to his being easy-going or elderly.

The author is not at his ease in dealing with events before 1933. He is incorrect in saying that Dr. Adenauer was little known outside Cologne during the Weimar Republic. Not only did his fame as Mayor of this great city for a decade and a half spread outside its walls, but he had enough national standing to become President of Prussia's "Upper House" and to be considered for the Reich Chancellorship. As to the "civilian defence ministers of the Reichswehr period" who were frightened of their generals, the author would be hard put to it to mention instances. There were only two civilian ministers during this period, the energetic Noske for a brief period immediately after defeat, and then Gessler, who was independent enough to dismiss the powerful General van Seeckt. But these shortcomings do not detract from the very real value of the book.

FRANK EYCK.

*Back into power.* By Alistair Horne. Max Parrish. 18s. 6d.

### THE TWO CHINAS

Sardar Panikkar had a unique experience in that he was Indian Ambassador to Chiang Kai-shek's China when the Generalissimo's capital was Nanking, and was then re-accredited to Communist China at Peking. He made good use of this experience, and in the second role he was Britain's chief channel of informed communication with China. Britain had her own representatives there, first Sir John Hutchison and then Sir Leo Lamb, but they were in a humiliating position: Britain had given Communist China diplomatic recognition but China refused to reciprocate; consequently they did not belong to the diplomatic corps. Chinese Ministers did not know them, or pretended not to, and they dealt with subordinates at the Foreign Office. Sardar Panikkar does not mention it, but actually Mao Tse-tung did not know Sir John Hutchison by sight. The present writer was at the dinner reception on the first anniversary of the Indian Republic when Mao was the Sardar's principal guest. In that week Britain was vainly still opposing at UNO an American resolution to brand China as an aggressor in Korea. Hence Mao Tse-tung was disposed to think more kindly than usual of Britain, and at the dinner he asked that Sir John should be pointed out to him. But they did not meet!

K. M. Panikkar, a man with a well-stored mind, great initiative, and a tremendous interest both in people of all sorts and conditions and in things political, strategical, historical, artistic and philosophic, soon became the star diplomat in Peking. He it was whom Mao Tse-tung summoned at the dead of night to give the warning that if MacArthur's forces crossed the 38th parallel China would intervene. The Indian Government believed him but the Americans did not heed and General MacArthur, who had told "the boys" that they would be home for Christmas, paid dearly for it when the Northerners overran the Korean peninsula down to the S.E. corner.

The publisher's note calls this "an intriguing and absorbing book by one of India's most brilliant and controversial men." Both adjectives are appropriate, and the Sardar's intimate revelations, not only of intimate diplomatic conversations, but also of his own independent activities in acute crises, are unusual in the case of one who is still serving, and are more in the American tradition of publicity than in that of Europe, which India might be supposed to have inherited from Britain. One or two questions pose themselves. Sardar Panikkar tells us that he attached much more importance to Truman's action in Taiwan (Formosa) than to UN intervention in Korea. It seemed to him that the Americans had stepped directly into the civil war, which had effectively ended with the flight of the Kuonintang forces from the mainland; UN intervention in Korea caused no reaction in Peking, but American intervention in Taiwan was considered a direct threat. Accordingly—apparently on his

own initiative—Sardar Panikkar called at the Chinese Foreign Office and suggested that the question could be settled "by referring it to the Security Council with China taking her legitimate place and consequently the Soviets giving up their boycott and returning to their vacant seat. The Chinese Government agreed, whereupon Mr. Nehru put forward these proposals to Stalin and Dean Acheson.

Stalin, of course, leapt at this and immediately accepted "on the indispensable condition" of the Peking Government being given a seat and, knowing well that Mr. Acheson neither could nor would accept these proposals, published them through Tass before he had a chance to reply.

What are we to make of this? Had the proposals been adopted, the Security Council, which had only been able to intervene (under Indian chairmanship) on behalf of the South Koreans because Russia was boycotting the Council in the month in which the aggression took place, would have been saddled with two Powers prepared to use the veto ruthlessly to any extent. Sardar Panikkar admits that "on second thoughts I realised that the proposal of seating Peking in the Security Council, however legitimate, reasonable and logical, would be resisted by the Americans . . . . Acheson of course turned down the proposal on the ground that the question of Peking's membership of the Security Council was unrelated to the Korean issue." As a possible explanation of this strange move, it looks as if Sardar Panikkar accepted the statement put forward in the Chinese and Russian Press that the southern Koreans were the aggressors. The book is full of interest and variety. The author draws freely from his diary, tells us of his tours in China and the varied assortment of people he met, professors, "eccentrics," peasants and all. Nor is it all about China. The Indian interludes are equally lively.

ARTHUR MOORE.

*In Two Chinas.* By K. M. Panikkar. George Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.

### A CHINESE STUDY OF SPENSER

The author of this remarkable book is a young Chinese scholar, who has studied in Edinburgh and Cambridge, and has made himself familiar with European literature, classical, medieval and Renaissance, and writes recent literary criticism. His own English is impeccable. A devoted admirer of Spenser, Dr. Chang draws a parallel between the allegories of *Courtesy* and *Temperance* in Books II and VI of the *Fairie Queene* and a Chinese allegory, composed about 1820, of which he gives an annotated translation. It forms part of a historical romance entitled *Flowers in the Mirror*, and describes how certain young noblemen, engaged in a revolution of the seventh century A.D. must storm four passes, typifying temptations, named respectively Wine, Lust, Riches and Anger. An enchanted world is the setting for this "tale of divine natures struggling through life in human forms to regain their lost fairyhood." Flower fairies, reincarnated as talented girls, are the heroines. This fairy element throughout, the elaborate digressions and odd punning nomenclature, e.g., of "coin-servants" called "Half Ounce" or "Abundant Currency," detract somewhat from the appeal of the allegory to non-Chinese readers, to whom also its allusions and satire mean little.

They will find more fruitful the comparison of two of its temptations with similar episodes in Spenser, e.g., Guyon's visit to Mammon, and the discussion of the poet's personifications—his Knight-Hermit, typifying *Courtesy*—his pastoral world, and courtly shepherds. Many of these themes are, of course, borrowed from earlier romances of chivalry, or are related to those of Sidney's *Arcadia*; of all these Dr. Chang shows a surprising knowledge. He points out that incantation, here as in the Chinese allegory, plays a potent part. The history of Timias, by whom in certain passages Raleigh seems clearly indicated, may perhaps, Dr. Chang suggests, have been intended by Spenser as a warning

to his patron and friends.

A consideration of Spenser's ideal of Courtesy concludes with an analysis, from the Chinese point of view, of that proverbially Chinese virtue. This view differs from the European just as, in spite of many similarities, the Renaissance "gentleman" does from the "superior man" of Confucius. Courtesy is essential to both. To the Chinese, it takes the form of ritual, or a "code of decorum" which is "a safeguard of virtuous conduct." Descriptions of this from the *Analects* of Confucious and other authors here quoted must be supplemented, says Dr. Chang, by the Tao-ist ideal of purity by release from ambition or desire, and the philosopher's disregard of such evils as violence or ugliness in any form—of all that may be "deemed unworthy of man's dignity." This ideal would rule out, as he admits, the portrayal of such episodes in Spenser as his heroes wrestling with, or succumbing to temptation, and indeed much of the tragic element in European art and literature. EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

*Allegory and Courtesy in Spenser: a Chinese View.* By Hsin-Chang Chang. Edinburgh University Press. 18s.

### POETRY OF INNOCENCE

Lord Gorell is not only a religious and Christian poet in an emphatic and orthodox sense, but he is also one who preserves the old values of shape and form. He writes in regular established metres, and his themes like his prosody are untainted with what is known as modernism. There is no tiresome vivisection of the absolute, nor digging into the lowest strata of the mind that he may clutch at things beyond his grasp, nor is there anything in his book which suggests the minimum of metrical sound married to the maximum of nonsense. Picasso-like declivities and contortions are all avoided as he swings back into the Victorian atmosphere of faith, hope and love and the disciplined forms which most easily convey these themes. Perhaps his chief models are Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold, though the Christian atmosphere is more pronounced than in either of these two poets, so that readers may sometimes feel that, though a Protestant, he is first cousin to Cardinal Newman. But he has not gone untouched by the finger of Tennyson, and one of his most moving poems is written in the "In-Memoriam" stanza:

Four weeks ago my lady died:  
She passed to God, a gathered flower—

Those stanzas which make a very beautiful and even memorable lyric and are complete and final in themselves are Nos. I, III, IV, X of a longer lyric of twelve stanzas, for Lord Gorell's chief fault seems to be diffuseness, an occasional failure to condense, so that some of his poems would shine with greater power if they were shorter, and others might have been omitted altogether. But this does not mean that his poems are ever quite devoid of imaginative wisdom or heartening Christian philosophy. Bright-footed thought creeps stealthily through so many of the pages, which are occasionally illuminated by such memorable lines and phrases as "a fragrance in Eternity," "let us be humbly proud," "a magnitude of wisdom and rebuke," "lie there old days, my strength's activity," or, more decorative:

She is the dance of daffodils,  
The ocean sound of summer seas.

or

My heart was hung with heaviness;  
Great clouds like curtains draped the sky.

Much of the book is about a recent loss, the death of Lord Gorell's adored wife, interspersed with his appeals to heaven and his own manhood to help him to bear his lonely lot. Poignancy of feeling walks hand in hand with resignation and hope, "this earth is stabbed with pain and crowned with joy" so that the lines

Life has no gleam, no warmth, no anythin'  
Since all of it was lantern-lit by her.

are attributed to the Voice of the Devil seeking to lead him into the Cavern of Despair—away from the vision in his most perfect lyric "Evensong."

His mind turns heavenwards, though one poem is tinged with pantheism. If his spirit after the dissolution of the body is for a time to abide on earth let it be on the moorland amid heather and granite boulders:

Or if not there, then where the downs meet Heaven  
In swelling folds and pathless wanderings,  
Where Solitude enriches and the spirit  
In freedom's silence spreads its prayerful wings.

But there is less of the countryside in this book than of the border-line between life and death and the general mystery of creation, though *The Times* once wrote of him: "Of Lord Gorell's poetry the prime and fertile source is his thought of England, his never jaded sense of the English country scene and the unhurried, enduring life of its still uninvaded quietness."

The childhood period of innocence has never quite left this poet. Surprise, reverence, wonder, love and trust speak out of so many of the pages. They may often be good verse rather than poetry to the jaded modern ear, feeling and vision and Christian thought rather than verbal magic or excitement, but Lord Gorell convinces by his warmth and sincerity and courage, revealing an alluring Christian personality which must have enriched the lives of so many of his friends and others who have known him.

HERBERT PALMER.

*Not for an Hour: and other New Poems.* By Lord Gorell. John Murray, 10s. 6d.

### THE MAKING OF A POEM

The essays in this volume, like Mr. Spender's poems, are curiously uneven in quality. Here we have intuition and wisdom interspersed with flat unexceptional thinking. Indeed, we might say that Mr. Spender has very much of the hit-or-miss mind. Speaking of his own composition of verse, his words corroborate this judgment. "My mind is not clear, my will is weak," he writes. "I suffer from an excess of ideas and a weak sense of form. For every poem that I begin to write, I think of at least ten which I do not write down at all. For every poem which I do write down, there are seven or eight which I never complete." What Mr. Spender lacks as a critic is method, procedure, a technique of assessment. Absence of this leaves him a poor summarist, an uncertain evaluator. In having no ready academic machine wherewith to reduce to its component parts the work to be considered, he is forced to wrestle with it as Jacob wrestled with the angel. Sometimes, as in his essay on *Georgian Poetry*, he is clearly not braced for the encounter. To write well about a subject he needs to feel strongly, when tension is missing he gives us no surprises. But this unaccommodating nature of his thought enables him, on occasions, to view a situation taken for granted as if he approached it for the first time. His essay on the 'conditioned' nature of present-day poetic culture "Inside the Cage" illustrates this freshness. By 'conditioned' he implies a number of assumptions about our daily existence which the poet contends with in writing his poem. These assumptions, in that they spring from a derogatory view of our age, he sees as impediments to confidence in poetic vocation. Not that he advises a simple return to optimism; it is only the unchallenged gospels of Third-Programme pessimists he would have us question. "There is," he writes, "always the danger of turning the present into a kind of prison of our own science and ideologies and analyses where every idea that enters from outside is doctored and treated with modern medicine that renders it—in its own historic terms—meaningless."

"Inside the Cage" sounds a fanfare against the monstrous army of logical positivists, textual critics, and warders of tradition who prefer their shibboleths to the disconcerting fluctuations of the human psyche. Mr. Spender has an ear for the half-truths of certain intellectual fashions. "Functionalism," he remarks, "is the philistinism of people who talk about a work of art as a 'well-

done job' like any other piece of plumbing." Very modestly, Mr. Spender refers to his essays as "notes of a writer on writing." They are a good deal more than that, though no central theme emerges. "Goethe and the English Mind," "Two Landscapes of the Novel," and "The Essential Housman" are among the best of them. *The Situation of the American Writer*, published in 1949, might well be read as a warning against a like development of conditions over here.

DEREK STANFORD.

*The Making of a Poem.* By Stephen Spender. Hamish Hamilton. 15s.

### NOVELS

It is rash indeed for any writer to assume the mantle of François Marie Arouet, the sardonic, inimitable Voltaire, and Lucien Francis in his *Candide To-day* inevitably suffers from comparison with his illustrious model. In his satire, which is often funny and effective enough though somewhat bludgeoning, he is a long way from Boswell's *Aut Erasmus aut Diabolus*—nearer, in fact, when dealing with the red tape-worm of the War Office, to Compton Mackenzie. Where Voltaire satirised Leibnitz's philosophical theory of pre-established harmony—all for the best in the best of all possible worlds—Mr. Francis with the help of a latter-day Pangloss pricks the bubble of English complacency. The Law, The City, Bureaucracy, 'The Smart Set', Public Schools . . . all come under fire, though sometimes the aim is a little wild. Perhaps the trouble with the satirical novel pure and complex is that it emanates rather from the intellect than from the creative imagination; its end is didactic and its characters mere cyphers. Reading it is like perambulating through a chill though brightly-lit aquarium. One may leave such a work instructed or entertained, stimulated or bored—but with little sense of having made contact with life.

There is life in plenty in David Eames' extravaganza *The Title's My Own*—lively is the only word for it—though the reader should perhaps be warned that this frivolous, rumbustious trifle is, while thoroughly entertaining, in the nature of a writer's somewhat esoteric joke. In purporting to show what happens when the characters take over from their author, the processes of creation are amusingly analysed. Moments of facetiousness and the sort of chattiness between author and reader that flawed Norman Collins' *London Belongs to Me* are all I have against 'David Eames'—a pseudonym, incidentally, that cloaks the identity of a distinguished contributor to *The Contemporary Review*.

*The City and the Mountains* by Eça de Queiroz has been very well translated by Roy Campbell and is the third work of this distinguished Portuguese novelist to be published in this country. It gives us the spiritual progress of a fabulously wealthy, young Portuguese nobleman who runs the gamut of so-called civilized experience in Paris before finding peace of mind and something worth living for in his native mountains. The account of the terrors of technical achievement, especially those of plumbing, is told with an almost ghoulish relish and is as funny as it could be. Later in the book de Queiroz's romantic landscape-painting, with its sense of the past, reminds one of Dumas—the older, mellower Dumas of *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*. The author owes something to Cervantes and his description of the discomfiture of a 'great' novelist who specialises in feminine psychology—because, in an off moment, he has put a duchess into a black satin corset—is a *coup* worthy of Proust. To employ a phrase often misused by critics, this novel has a rich texture woven of its imaginative and intellectual elements and its evocative, even poetical descriptive writing. Its satire is directed against the hubristic theory of the self-sufficiency of Man. De Queiroz is so intimidatingly clever that it takes the reader some time to discover that he is also wise. One of the best things in this classic novel is his brilliant yet unobtrusive drawing of the narrator, Zé Fernandes, who plays Sancho Panza to his 'Prince' Jacinto but who, in his less creditable Parisian

adventures, reminds one rather of the Boswell of the *London Journal*.

D'Arcy Niland's *The Shiralee* tells of the peregrinations of a dour Australian 'Swagman' named Macauley, through wild landscape and wilder towns, accompanied by his little daughter Buster whom he has taken from his unfaithful wife out of spite but whom he comes to love and cherish; who in the end informs with meaning his tough and lonely Odyssey. Compared with this authentic and lyrical voice out of young, raw Australia, Mr. Leonard Mann's accomplished pre-war novel *A Murder in Sydney* seems brittle and sophisticated, yet fundamentally naive. Mr. Martin Boyd, with his *nostalgie d'Europe*, is a cultured voice crying vainly, perhaps a little querulously, in the wilderness. Mr. Niland's prose is as laconic and compelling as that of Hemingway or Raymond Chandler yet he can be more tender than either while avoiding their sentimentality. His terse dialogue seems more authentic, less self-consciously stylised, and his characters, even the toughs, are people not dehumanised zombies. One believes in and is moved by the lonely man who, indulging erotic thoughts, is shamed by the sight of his sleeping child. Mr. Niland has got to know his fellows through experience interpreted by imaginative understanding. His characters are not only convincing but interesting and his portrait of Buster is a masterly study. Here at last, one is tempted to hope, is volume one of The Great Australian Novel.

LUKE PARSONS.

*Candide To-day.* By Lucien Francis. Jenners. 8s. 6d.

*The Title's My Own.* By David Eames. Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.

*The City and the Mountain.* By Eça de Queiroz. Max Reinhardt. 12s. 6d.

*The Shiralee.* By D'Arcy Niland. Angus & Robertson. 10s. 6d.

### SHORTER NOTICES

Dr. Alfred Noyes has given us the satirical commentary on the devilish things that are happening in the world. The sting of the satire is the Devil's own chagrin in finding that the wickedness of the world, unaided (as he thinks) by himself, and led by the atomic scientists, threatens to deprive him of his own job. The nightmare of unemployment descends upon him. In a telephone conversation with one of the said scientists he makes this complaint: "My primary interest hitherto has been in the ruin of souls. But this requires time, and, one might almost say, leisure. The strategy in which *Diabolus*, as you were pleased to call me, might take pleasure, could hardly be carried out through a series of senseless earthquakes. If the greater part of the earth's population, innocent and guilty, is to be liquidated in a general massacre, the occupation of *Diabolus* on this planet is gone, and all intelligible interest with it. The ruin of your individual soul would hardly compensate me for that."

The book is full of gentle irony, whereby, out of Mr. Balliol's own mouth (Mr. Balliol, an international financier being the Devil's *nom de plume*—as he spends his mischievous little holiday in Santa Barbara) the eccentricities, morbidities and downright devilishness of certain trends in modern art and literature, as well as the frustrations and stupidities of modern diplomacy and politics are diagnosed as emanations of a materialist world which has forgotten its God. But there are deeper values in this excellent book, which for all its façade of farce contrives to present the true facts of what happens to a world which tries to encompass its ends without the gaily grace, the grace of a God who made it and sustains it, that can help it to succeed. Dr. Noyes is a man who knows that while the supernatural is built upon the natural, the natural order itself is a product of the supernatural. Mystery and apparent paradox are taken in their stride by the faithful children of God, and none other but those children can prosper. Dr. Noyes has given a salutary warning to a generation that badly needs it. May that generation see the substance of what he gives, and not merely ride off on the amusement he gives.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

*The Devil Takes a Holiday.* By Alfred Noyes. John Murray. 10s. 6d.

*Notes for a Journal* would be of great historical value if they were indeed written by Meyir Moyseyevich Vallakh, better known as Maxim Litvinov. It is surprising that Professor E. H. Carr, who at the request of the publishers investigated the origins of this "document," should have come to the conclusion that the *Journal*, "the most sensational work of its kind," was well worth publishing despite the fact that it contained "at least one gross error of fact." The error Professor Carr detected was the misdating of the execution of Marshal Mikhail Tukhachevsky and his fellow generals which the *Journal* places in 1938 instead of 1937.

There are many other errors. Twice, for example, Litvinov is made to allege that he discussed international affairs with Marshal Pilsudski (pp. 72 and 89), but he never met the Polish leader. On p. 198 we find a *ragot de cuisine* about the alleged suicide of Count Stefan Przezdziecki, Polish ambassador to Rome, whom Pilsudski called "the worst possible name in his vocabulary" because he failed to report that Mussolini had warned him in 1933 that Hitler wanted to seize the Polish "corridor." The fact is that Przezdziecki died from food poisoning in Warsaw in September 1932, four months before Hitler became the *Reichskanzler*. On p. 53 Litvinov is supposed to have told the French foreign minister that the decision of the "Council of Ambassadors" of October 20, 1926, on the Polish-Lithuanian frontier was "a great political mistake." There was no such decision because the whole issue of Polish-Soviet and Polish-Lithuanian frontiers was settled by the Conference of Ambassadors in Paris on March 15, 1923. On p. 224 Litvinov is made to note (in 1937): "I can't understand the 'neighbours'" (Soviet political police). Do they really need a scandal with Birk?" But this scandal occurred in 1925 when Aadu Birk, the Estonian minister to Moscow, was arrested by the O.G.P.U. and Litvinov himself (no doubt on the neighbours' orders) offered to liberate him on condition that he entered the Soviet service. Birk refused and returned to Estonia in March 1927. This so-called journal can have no value for the historian. K. M. SMOGORZEWSKI.

*Notes for a Journal*. By Maxim Litvinov. Introduction by E. H. Carr. André Deutsch.  
18s.

\* \* \* \* \*

Too little do we think of the nature of listening as anything but passive acceptance. Douglas Steere's Swarthmore Lecture for 1955 offers us a very acute and sensitive enquiry into the different grades of listener and the qualities that are required. His capacity to care is essential, but the art may be an ordeal if he becomes involved with the speaker. It is not to be wondered at that such listeners are rare, and we are thus lead to the idea of the Eternal Listener, the Living God, from whom nothing can be concealed, who loves and cares. The latter part of the book deals with Quaker Meetings based on silent worship and waiting in the presence of the Divine Listener. True integration demands great preparation in those attending, and Douglas Steere gives a helpful and wise account of a spiritual Meeting. It may be that members come with thoughts it seems important to share. As John William Graham writes: "These pass before the door whence shines the heavenly light. Are they transfigured? Sometimes yes, sometimes no. If nothing flames, silence is my portion." And in the eighteenth century there was an amazing itinerant ministry. "The sheer fatigue of months and even years on horseback, the perils to health, and the dangers attending travel by land and sea in that period . . . was a powerful witness to those with whom they entered the silent worship, that these men and women were committed to the Inward Guide." John Churchman, for example on a journey in Britain, Ireland and Holland, "was from home four years and twelve days, having travelled (on horseback) by land 9,100 miles and attended about one thousand Meetings." Such devotion was indeed worthy. A. RUTH FRY.

*Where Words Come From*. By Douglas Steere. Allen & Unwin. 3s. 6d.

## BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Something of the awe that prickled the cheek and caught up the breath of a child reciting "a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past" has come back to accompany the reading of *MAN IN SEARCH OF HIS ANCESTORS* (*George Allen & Unwin*, 21s.). "From everlasting to everlasting" indeed, the "God" who was watching pre-man begin to think and speak five-thousand centuries ago.

### **Where do we come from?**

Of all that went before, it is the business of André Senet to tell, and he and his translator Malcolm Barnes tackle it with a certain jauntiness as if to fortify them and their readers against overpowering by mystery and complexity. Nonchalance without irreverence is no bad treatment for the earth—3,000,000,000 years younger—detaching itself from the sun, the appearance of life as bacteria, the rule of protozoa over the seas, the emergence of the privileged vertebrates among the types of the animal kingdom, the adaptation of them to air, and the conquest of dry land by reptiles and then mammals a million years from us. The book is readable alike to the informed and the newcomer to palaeontology—the one will not find it elementary, nor is the other condescended to—and its dozens of plates, tables and drawings stretch the imagination and admirably clarify. From African apes to the United Nations, from a salamander's great skeleton to the Piltdown forgery, from prehistoric art to the recent rivalry for a "living fossil" coelacanth, the lonely trail is traced and mapped. A diplodocus 200 million years ago had arthritis; no modern draughtsmanship can better the technique of the 40,000-year-old painted bison in a Spanish cave; there is still a wide gap between producing giant wheat and supermen; and a few hundred decades of "civilized" man is all too short a time in which to despair of him.

### **Where did the Bible come from?**

The Sermon on the Mount is thus new enough to be revolutionary; nevertheless, the discovery of its prototype in manuscripts copied long before Christ was born causes another shiver of excitement. The emotion was aroused to such purpose in Edmund Wilson, the American essayist-critic, that he journeyed to Palestine to examine the site, studied Hebrew, had his conclusions and evaluations checked by Biblical experts, interspersed sharp little journalistic portraits of people he met, and now briskly presents in *THE SCROLLS OF THE DEAD SEA* (*W. H. Allen*, 10s. 6d.) the findings so far. Expectedly the reporting does justice to a suspenseful plot. The scene opens with a Bedouin boy minding the goats of a band of smugglers on the way to Bethlehem; the place is a cliff cave near the western shore of the Dead Sea, where he found tall clay jars filled with manuscripts cased in wax linen. But the time is 1947, and Jerusalem is sharply divided between the Arabs and the Jews. Bombs and murder left the authorities with little incentive to enquire or to rescue, and Mr. Wilson says there was a "chapter of ineptitude" through which the Metropolitan of the Syrian Jacobite Church "stuck by his conviction" that the long rolls of parchment were important. When they were taken to the American School of Oriental Research, the electric current was cut in the battle for Jerusalem and the grave doctors realised by the light of kerosene lamps that, among the mass, they were looking at "fifty-four columns of Isaiah alone." Fighting finished, and exploration of the cave and its neighbours revealed that here a library had been hidden which included almost all the Bible books, some apocryphal works, and the manual of a religious sect pointing almost conclusively to the Essenes from which John the Baptist took his inspiration and to which he and Jesus probably belonged.

Research and controversy go on; tatters and copper strips have yet to be deciphered, and the "Anglo-American feud" familiar to Mr. Wilson has accompanied the sale of the scrolls through United States agencies for Israel, where they will be housed in a shrine built for the purpose.

#### A son of Solomon

After inquisitive Sheba came home from Jerusalem the royal house of Ethiopia was founded through her only son, so more than legend says. Semitic characteristics in culture and language were evident in the first century A.D., and in spite of periods of Islamic domination the country's Christianity, begun some sixteen-hundred years ago, has not been lost. While the Emperor Haile Selassie is celebrating his silver jubilee, there appears Christine Sandford's biography *THE LION OF JUDAH HATH PREVAILED* (*J. M. Dent*, 18s.). For more than a generation the author has lived around Addis Ababa and is the headmistress of a school which she helped to found there. With her husband, the brigadier who commanded the liaison force entering Abyssinia ahead of the Allies in 1940, she experienced expulsion through Italian aggression, conquest and occupation. Some of the bitterest memories of the shameful 'thirties, of the Hoare-Laval pact, of the sad, slight man addressing the League Assembly: "In tens of thousands the victims of Italian mustard gas died. . . . God and history will remember your judgement," flood back as we read. A noble vindication is now his; his early life and education, his apprenticeship as Governor of Sidamo in 1909, his marriage, coronation, dignified exile, return and restoration have been logical stages in the spiritual development of the boy Ras Tafari, chosen to lead against misrule, into the liberal-minded father of his people. The author, evidently enjoying close friendship with the royal family, is never intrusive, and the many mostly informal photographs complement her most attractive handling of the always

difficult task of presenting a crowned head for inspection. The chapter on social services—the care of the Emperor and his wife who without organized reception go to assure themselves that "school, hospital, clinic, new construction of building or road" are progressing—is a check to all who would sneer at the inception troubles of Welfare States.

#### A Church and the State

The community's care for its members is the theme of the concluding chapter of Sir Ernest Barker's new and revised edition of *BRITAIN AND THE BRITISH PEOPLE* (*Oxford University Press*, 12s. 6d.). The genius of our parliamentarianism, our system of law, our regions and the relation of society and State are other aspects of the island story that engage his wise and amiable attention. This is a heart-warming book, eloquent with its author's simplicity of true learning and genial personality. His illustrations range from village cricket to Hyde Park orators' corner, from Congregational chapel to Elizabeth II's Great Seal, and his dates from the Roman invasion to the National Assistance Act and its place in the security drive against poverty. The "general idea of a social ground on which we could move and live and have our being" was given us by religion, is his conclusion in the section on the Churches.

*ST. PAUL'S IN ITS GLORY 1831-1911* (*S.P.C.K.*, 21s.) is G. L. Prestige's record of changes brought about by men who served the cathedral and guided its affairs from the time when Canon Sydney Smith considered its most conspicuous features the "vast emptiness and encompassing dirt." He took over the business end "with an efficiency to which it was entirely strange." How his revolt proceeded is told in a lively chapter on "The Liveliness of Mr. Smith" in which that eminently quotable man is allowed to speak for himself. Then there was the energy of Mr. Hale, the invention of Dr. Milman, the resolution of Mr. Gregory and the flaming intellectual

vitality of H. S. Holland in the reform of matters under the dome and in the churchyard, of embellishment, of pastoral care, of financial reconstruction and in putting choir and music under Stainer's baton. There are many lesser touches that charm: for example, Mendelssohn playing to a congregation that would not be dispersed until he was cut off by the blower who had been ordered to stop; or the Chapter edict that "the clapping of doors in the Whispering Gallery for the purpose of shewing the effect of the Echo be discontinued." The illustrations are worthy of the subject and Dr. Prestige's history, subtitled "candid," sympathetically portrays the old order of unanimity of purpose and spirit broken up as "wild skies lit the opening of a new and troubled era."

### The new journalism

A stone's throw from St. Paul's in 1855 the first penny newspaper was urging that the extension of the circulation "must prove beneficial to the public at large. If artisan and Peer can alike peruse daily the same wholesome literary matter, produced by first-class writers, the general tone of society must benefit." How "Hamlet" and "Palace" reacted is told in PETERBOROUGH COURT: The Story of *The Daily Telegraph* (Cassell, 18s.), the centenary volume by Lord Burnham, who is managing director of the paper today. No special notes were kept in preparation for this celebration; no matter, for instead the smell of printers' ink is conveyed in large whiffs to grateful nostrils. Most successfully it communicates the sense of a fresh public reaching out for the feature articles that a George Augustus Sala could supply; here was scene painter, playwright, librettist, lithographer, etcher, novelist, showing at twenty-nine a versatility set to the new pattern. He had energy to match and in twenty-four hours could write two leaders, attend and do the notice of the Royal Academy Private View, see and describe the 'talking fish' at the Egyptian Hall, go to dinner with the Royal Literary Fund, dance at a charity ball

and report both events. But ebullience was not enough, and gentle scholars like W. L. Courtney, editor of *The Fortnightly* who became also the *Telegraph's* dramatic critic and leader-writer and literary editor, brought their greater depths from the universities. He it was who commissioned J. L. Garvin, whose first assignment was Queen Victoria's funeral. Although the paper has abandoned Liberal politics, a retention of the principles should ensure that its motto "Was, is and will be" does not fail in prophecy.

### Doctor in the House

Sir Henry Morris-Jones, who entered Parliament as a Liberal in 1929 and whose maiden speech was on the Mental Treatment Bill has enshrined his memories of a full and varied life in DOCTOR IN THE WHIPS' ROOM (*Robert Hale*, 18s.). Foremost a medical man, his inhabitance of the political world has been conditioned by the young Welshman who started as *locum tenens* at four guineas a week. His books have been the conventional five: Bible, Common Prayer, Shakespeare, Boswell's *Life* and Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. If no burning crusader, he has always steadily obeyed the call of duty whether in a thousand childbirths, or under four Prime Ministers, in travels about the world, in the two wars, at the degradation of Buchenwald, or in retirement with a philosophy ready for old age that includes love of flowers, birds and dogs, and a hope of Tennyson's war-drum ceasing to throb.

### Sweetness and light

And, like Sir Henry, we relax—for a space—with FLOWER PAINTING IN WATER COLOUR (*Seeley, Service*, 12s. 6d.). Marcella Smith's advice on drawing, equipment, subject, colours, foliage, grouping, shadows, background, is decorated by reproductions of her own delicious paintings. In these last months when oils for amateurs have become so excruciatingly fashionable her book is a rest to the eyes, soft sunshine in a dark place, and a pleasure to handle.

GRACE BANYARD.

*"WHOSOEVER shall CALL  
on the name of the Lord shall  
be delivered."* (Joel ii. 32)

## THE CALL FOR DIVINE DELIVERANCE

That ALMIGHTY GOD may deliver  
and protect us from the menace of

### SATANIC EVIL

and

### ANGELIC ERROR

now combining in the effort to gain  
**WORLD DOMINION :**  
Use daily 'The Call' (The Prayer)  
in the

### 'WHOSOEVER' LEAFLET

For information and free copies write to:  
**THE PANACEA SOCIETY**  
**BEDFORD**

## Yes, of Course . . .

I know the Christian paper you want, if you are a reader of *The Contemporary Review*—you want a Christian weekly that regards you as an adult, responsible being, ready and willing to go to the root of the matter without humbugging around. Yes, I can recommend the one you want, the great old, reborn *British Weekly*. They'll send you specimen copies from

### BRITISH WEEKLY

46-47, Chancery Lane,  
London, W.C.2.

## The Art of Primitive Peoples

BY J. T. HOOPER AND C. A. BURLAND. Based on an unknown collection of primitive art that is also one of the largest in private hands. African, Pacific, North and South American art is described and beautifully illustrated, and the whole gives a fresh insight into the minds of the primitive artist.

42/- (Post 1/-)

THE FOUNTAIN PRESS  
46/47, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

### TYPEWRITERS

### ADDING MACHINES - CALCULATORS

Bought Repaired Sold Hired

**TAYLORS** THE CALCULATOR SPECIALISTS (Dept. 12), 74, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

Tel: HOL 3793

## **What are Historical Facts?**

CARL L. BECKER

## **In Defense of Relativism**

FELIX E. OPPENHEIM

## **Current Studies of the Decision Process: Automation versus Creativity**

HAROLD D. LASSELL

## **The Bases of Communist Strength in France**

CHARLES A. MICAUD

## **The South of Italy and the Cassa per il Mezzogiorno**

JANE PERRY CLARK CAREY AND ANDREW GALBRAITH CAREY

## **Louis Brownlow and the Governmental Arts**

LAURIN L. HENRY

*and other feature articles offered by*

## **THE WESTERN POLITICAL QUARTERLY**

Approximately 900 pages. Four dollars per volume  
(\$5.00 abroad)

---

*Send orders to the Editor, Professor F. B. Schick*

**UNIVERSITY OF UTAH**

**SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, U.S.A.**

CURRENT PERIODICAL SERIES

PUBLICATION NO.: 865

TITLE: CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

VOLUME: 189-190 ISSUES: 1081-1092

DATE: January - December 1956

This publication is reproduced by agreement  
with the publisher. Extensive duplication or  
resale without permission is prohibited.

University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1957